THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 174, No. 30 — Philadelphia, January 25, 1902 — Five Cents the Copy

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London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine Founded A° D°i 1728 by Benj. Franklin

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

The March of a Nation to the Sea

By Albert J. Beveridge

United States Senator from Indiana

PREPAREDNESS is the secret of most successes in this world. Fate seldom makes league with the unequipped. Events come marching into every century—into every day—crying aloud for the nation or the man who is prepared. Russia's foreign statesmanship, admittedly the ablest of the present day as her internal development has been admittedly the most backward, consists largely in reasoning out possible events from existing conditions, and then preparing for them. Her bloodless triumph over Japan after Japan's bloody triumph over China is an illustration of this. When the future in Manchuria looked most hopeless for Russia she was in reality winning her right to build her railway and creating opportunities for permanent occupation, should that appear desirable. But the right to build the railway did not include the right to occupy the two coveted ports on the open and ice-free waters on the South Manchurian coast—Port Arthur and Talienhwan. She had merely secured the right to build her railway across Northern-Central Manchuria to her superb harbor of Vladivostok, which, however, is open to commerce during the winter months only by aid of ice-breaking devices. It was Russia's desire to secure ports where ice did not chain the feet of her commerce. It is believed that for decades her intentions have been firmly fixed on the two excellent Manchurian ports above mentioned.

Indeed, this has been true for centuries.

The Age-Long Ambition of Russia

From the time of Peter the Great—he whom men and "statesmen-for-a-day" called mad, but whose vision embraced all coming time so far as the eye of man can now discern it—from the time of this marvelous mind and will till now, one vast policy and purpose of Russia has become so fixed as to be a religion; and that is the determination of the Slav to reach the seas where summer skies await him and over whose waters the trade winds blow. There is something pathetic about the patient, sometimes stupid, but always relentless effort of the Slav to reach the oceans of the globe—to sail the seas that other men sail, to make the port that his brothers make, and to meet his fellows face to face in all the harbors of the world. There is something that wins our sympathy, even if it excites our alarm, in the Russian's almost instinctive effort to escape from his vast and mighty cage, unequaled in its own extent though that cage may be; for Russia is a cage and has always been a cage—the prison of a race.

On the west, millions of gathering bayonets of Germany and all Europe, ferocious and timid toward the Slav for the same reason—the ferocity of fear. On the south, the Turk turning Russia backward from the Dardanelles and the Mediterranean and the common highways of mankind. On the north, the frozen Arctic. On the east, the savage and remorseless tribes of Asia; and later in time and farther in distance, India disciplined, armed and fortified by England against the Russian's progress toward the Oriental seas. On the east again, the interminable, the melancholy, the repellent wastes of Siberia, to subdue which was the very conquest of desolation. On the east again and farther south, between Siberia and India, the ancient empire of the Son of Heaven, mighty in its day, but now in the period of its decline and falling to pieces, yet forbidden to the Russian by the masterful policy and power of England in Disraeli's day and before, and later by the jealousies and fears of other nations. Turn where he would, the Slav could discern in the far distance the world's common oceans which he felt to be his common right as well as the right of other peoples, but from which man and nature had conspired to bar him.

And so, for this great boon of mingling with his fellow-man in the markets of the world—this priceless privilege of seaports through which he, too, could breathe the atmosphere of the world's commerce and the world's culture, the Slav has for centuries been battling, until by sheer experience in the concentration of his energies and thought on foreign policy he has become the most finished diplomat in all the history of negotiation, and the first in foreign affairs among the statesmen of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Thus had he armed his hand with that skill which easily defeated Japan, easily discomfited England, and easily secured for himself permanent rights in a dominion which is itself an empire—an achievement so simple and so easily accomplished that, to readers of the world's affairs, it appeared to be sheer luck or else a very miracle. Thus he took his first step in Manchuria. And finally, it is thus that he found himself prepared to extend his advantages, his railroad, his power, his dominion southward through Manchuria, and to occupy and fortify the best ports for commerce and war, with only two exceptions, on all the coast of China. And so a part of his passion and his dream—open ports on open seas—was realized. And thus was the beginning of the fulfillment of the imperial Peter's policy.

Remember, then, that the original railway agreement, by which Russia began to throw her lines across Manchuria, did not include that branch which has since become the trunk line itself, running many hundreds of miles through Central Manchuria to Port Arthur and Talienhwan. But the Slav was on the ground. He was already building railroads. He had already begun the work of an initial agreement; he had already rescued China from its conqueror; he had already made the Manchu dynasty his eternal debtor. Now he patiently builded the railroad for which he had patiently secured rights, and, while he builded, he patiently awaited the development of events.

And events did not disappoint him. Once more the ancient tale was told of fate leaguing herself with him who is prepared. Some time before, two German missionaries had been wantonly murdered in the province of Shangtung. It was a frightful outrage. Germany would have deserved the contempt of her own people and the derision of the world had she failed to exact reparation; and reparation therefore she very properly demanded. But the negotiations dragged their weary length along. Evasion, excuse, all the peculiar dilatoriness which is the distinction and characteristic of Chinese diplomacy, combined to make all effort fruitless. Finally the German Emperor landed marines at Tsing-tau, the port of Kiaochow, seized the latter city and the entire bay. No opinion is here expressed as to the right or wrong, the expediency or the inexpediency, of this bold move. It is pointed out, however, that the excuse and justification existed in the increasingly clear impossibility of securing justice or even terms from China.

Immense Concessions to Germany

Confronted at last by the display of actual force, the only thing the Asiatic anywhere understands, the Manchu Emperor made a definite grant to Germany of the entire Bay of Kiaochow, including the city and port, and a coast boundary of land surrounding it. Salient features of this Kiaochow convention are as follows:

I. His Majesty, the Emperor of China, is willing that German troops take possession of the above-mentioned territory at any time the Emperor of Germany chooses. China retains her sovereignty over this territory, and should she at any time wish to enact laws or carry out plans within the leased area she shall be at liberty to enter into negotiations with Germany with reference thereto; provided always that such laws or plans shall not be prejudicial to German interests. Germany may engage in works of public benefit, such as water-works, within the territory covered by this lease, without reference to China. Should China wish to march troops or establish garrisons therein she can do so only after negotiating with and obtaining the express permission of Germany.

II. His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, being desirous, like the rulers of certain other countries, of establishing a naval and coaling station, and constructing dockyards on the coast of China, the Emperor of China agrees to lease to him for the purpose all the land on the southern and northern sides of Kiaochow Bay for a term of ninety-nine years. *Germany is to be at liberty to erect forts on this land for the defense of her possessions therein.*

III. During the continuance of the lease China shall have no voice in the government or administration of the leased territory. It will be governed and administered during the whole term of ninety-nine years solely by Germany, so that the possibility of friction between the two Powers may be reduced to the smallest magnitude.

Chinese ships of war and merchant ships, and ships of war and merchant ships of countries having treaties and in a state of amity with China, shall receive equal treatment with German ships of war and merchant ships in Kiaochow Bay during the continuance of the lease. *Germany is at liberty to enact any regulations she desires for the government of territory and harbor*, provided such regulations apply impartially to the ships of all nations, Germany and China included.

IV. Germany shall be at liberty to erect whatever lighthouses, beacons and other aids to navigation she chooses within the territory leased, and along the islands and coasts approaching the entrance to the harbor. Vessels of China and vessels of other countries entering the harbor shall be liable to special duties for repair and maintenance of all lighthouses, beacons and other aids to navigation which Germany may erect and establish.

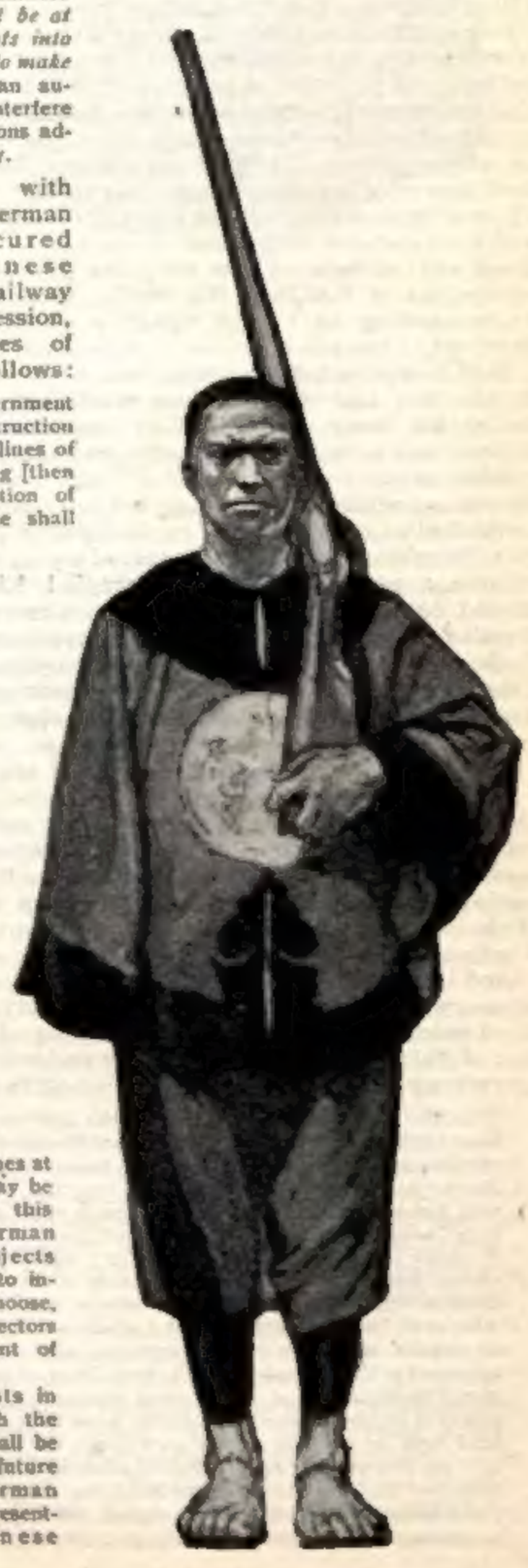
V. Should Germany desire to give up her interest in the leased territory before the expiration of ninety-nine years, China shall take over the whole area, and pay Germany for whatever German property may at the time of surrender be there situated. In case of such surrender taking place, Germany shall be at liberty to lease some other point along the coast. Germany shall not cede the territory leased to any other Power than China. Chinese subjects shall be allowed to live in the territory leased, under the protection of the German authorities, and there to carry on their avocations and business so long as they conduct themselves as peaceable and law-abiding citizens. *Germany shall pay a reasonable price to the native proprietors for whatever lands her government or subjects require.* Fugitive Chinese criminals taking refuge in the leased territory shall be arrested and surrendered to the Chinese authorities, but *the Chinese authorities shall not be at liberty to send agents into the leased territory to make arrests.* The German authorities shall not interfere with the *likin* stations adjacent to the territory.

In connection with this lease the German Government secured from the Chinese Government a railway and mining concession, salient features of which are as follows:

The Chinese Government sanctions the construction by Germany of two lines of railroad in Shangtung [then follows a description of where the first line shall run and of an extension to the second line]. The construction of this extension shall not be begun until the first part of the line, the main line, is completed, in order to give the Chinese an opportunity of connecting this line in the most advantageous manner with their own railway system.

In order to carry out the above-mentioned railway work a Chino-German Company shall be formed, with branches at whatever places may be necessary, and in this company both German and Chinese subjects shall be at liberty to invest money if they choose, and to appoint directors for the management of the undertaking.

All arrangements in connection with the works specified shall be determined by a future conference of German and Chinese representatives. The Chinese



Government shall afford every facility and protection and extend every welcome to representatives of the German railway company operating in Chinese territory. Profits derived from the working of these railroads shall be justly divided pro rata between the shareholders without regard to nationality. *The object of constructing these lines is solely the development of commerce.* In inaugurating *a railway system in Shangtung*, Germany entertains no treacherous intention toward China and undertakes not to seize *unlawfully* any land in the province.

The Chinese Government shall *allow German subjects to hold and develop mining property for a distance of thirty li from each side of these railways and along the whole extent of the lines.* [Here follows description of mining districts in detail.] Chinese capital may be invested in these operations, and arrangements for carrying on the work shall hereafter be made by a joint conference of Chinese and German representatives. All German subjects engaged in such works in Chinese territory *shall be properly protected* and welcomed by the Chinese authorities, and all profits derived shall be fairly divided between German and Chinese stockholders, according to the extent of the interest they hold in the undertakings. In trying to develop mining property in China, Germany is actuated by no treacherous motives against this country, but seeks alone to increase commerce and improve the relations between the two countries.

If at any time the Chinese should form schemes for the development of Shangtung, for the execution of which it is necessary to obtain foreign capital, the Chinese Government, or whatever Chinese may be interested in such schemes, *shall, in the first instance, apply to German capitalists.*

Application shall also be made to German manufacturers for the necessary machinery and materials before the manufacturers of any other Power are approached.

Should German capitalists or manufacturers decline to take the business the Chinese shall then be at liberty to obtain money and materials from sources of other nationality than German.

The importance of this lease and railway and mining concession is apparent on the face of the convention itself, and in another paper further remarks will be made concerning it. It is inserted at this point as a necessary link in the chain of the story of Russia's occupation of South Manchuria and of the military, naval and commercial ports on the shores of the Chinese waters.

How Russia Protected Her Own Interests

When Germany seized Kiaochow, Russia was not long in acting. Here was a seizure of territory by an empire which is already one of the great Powers and which has declared ambitions to become the first and chiefest Power among the nations. Here was Germany throwing her influence across the path of Russian intentions in Asia, as she has so effectively thrown her financial and commercial power across the path of Russia, and of England too, in Turkey and Asia Minor. And here was this seizure of territory, an extension of physical and material influences into the very breast of China, sanctioned by the Chinese Government. Very well! The event for which Russia was prepared had occurred, then. Very clearly, if the seizure of a portion of Chinese territory by Japan as her price of peace in closing her war with China was a menace to the permanent peace of the Orient, Germany's seizure of territory in the very centre of the Chinese coast was equally a menace. True, that Germany, Russia and France had protested against Japan's occupation of a portion of Chinese territory; true, that Germany's seizure of Kiaochow and the extension of German railways into the heart of China itself was inconsistent with the allies' protest against Japan's occupation of Southern Manchuria; true, that the implied understanding as to the integrity of China, necessarily involved in the allies' protest to Japan, had been broken.

But it was not Russia that had broken it. It was not Russia that had changed these conditions. Apparently, so far as the letter of the implied agreement was concerned, Russia had been faithful to the understanding. But now conditions were changed, and through no fault of Russia. She was justified in protecting her interests, then. Nobody could find any fault with that. She would protect her interests, therefore. If Germany received a port, so should Russia receive a port. If Germany occupied Kiaochow, Russia should occupy Port Arthur and Talienhwan. So reasoned Russian statesmen. Such was her representation to China. Such was her case before the public opinion of the world. Like lightning she carried this determination into execution. The German lease was dated March 6, 1898.

The Emperor's Treaty with the Czar

On March 27 of the same year a treaty was signed by the representatives of the Chinese and Russian Governments, leasing Port Arthur and Talienhwan to the Czar, and extending all railroad construction rights from where the line of the road crosses North-Central Manchuria on its way to Vladivostok southward to these ports.

And because these German and Russian leases and concessions are fundamental; because they are historical and political landmarks from which the beginning of the disintegration of China, in a physical, tangible and material sense, may be reckoned, they are here set out almost in full.

> Article I. It being necessary for the due protection of her navy in the waters of North China *that Russia should possess a station she can defend*, the Emperor of China agrees to *lease* to Russia Port Arthur and Talienhwan, together with the adjacent seas, but on the understanding that such lease shall not prejudice China's sovereignty over this territory.
>
> Article II. The limits of the territory leased, for the reasons above stated, as well as the extent of territory north of Talienhwan necessary for the defense of that now leased, and what shall be allowed to be leased, shall be strictly defined, and all details necessary to the carrying out of this treaty be arranged at St. Petersburg with Hsu Tajen so soon as possible after the signature of the present treaty, and embodied in a separate treaty. Once these limits have been determined, *all land held by Chinese within such limits, as well as the adjacent waters, shall be held by Russia alone on lease.*
>
> Article III. The duration of the lease shall be twenty-five years from the day this treaty is signed, *but may be extended* by mutual agreement between Russia and China.
>
> Article IV. The control of all military forces in the territory leased by Russia and of all naval forces in the adjacent seas, as well as of the civil officials in it, *shall be vested in one high Russian official.* All Chinese military forces shall, without exception, be withdrawn from the territory, but it shall remain optional with the ordinary Chinese inhabitants either to remain or to go, and no coercion shall be used against them in this matter. Should they remain, any Chinese charged with a criminal offense shall be handed over to the nearest Chinese official to be dealt with according to Article VIII of the Russo-Chinese treaty of 1860.
>
> Article V. To the north of the territory leased shall be a zone, the extent of which shall be arranged at St. Petersburg between Hsu Tajen and the Russian Foreign Office. Jurisdiction over this zone shall be vested in China, *but China may not quarter troops in it except with the previous consent of Russia.*
>
> Article VI. The two nations agree that Port Arthur shall be a naval port for the sole use of Russian and Chinese men-of-war, and be *considered as an unopen port* so far as the naval and mercantile vessels of other nations are concerned. As regards Talienhwan, one portion of the harbor shall be reserved exclusively for Russian and Chinese men-of-war, just like Port Arthur, but the remainder shall be a commercial port, freely open to the merchant vessels of all countries.
>
> Article VII. Port Arthur and Talienhwan are the points in the territory leased most important for Russian military purposes. *Russia shall therefore be at liberty to erect forts at her own expense, and to build barracks and provide defenses at such places as she desires.*
>
> Article VIII. China agrees that the procedure sanctioned in 1896 regarding the construction of railroads by the Board of the Eastern China Railway Company shall, from the date of the signature of this treaty, be extended so as to include the construction of a branch line to Talienhwan, or, if necessary, in view of the interests involved, of a branch line to the most suitable point on the coast between New-Chwang and the Yalu River. Further, the agreement entered into in September, 1896, between the Chinese Government and the Russo-Chinese Bank shall apply with equal strength to this branch line. The direction of this branch line and the places it shall touch shall be arranged between Hsu Tajen and the Board of Eastern Railroads. The construction of this line shall never, however, be made a ground for encroaching on the sovereignty of China.

It will be observed that Russia's lease of Port Arthur and Talienhwan is for the period of twenty-five years. But note also that the first article states that the lease is made because—

> It is necessary for the due protection of Russia's navy in the waters of North China that Russia shall *possess* a station she can defend.

Also note that authority is given to *fortify;* and note most of all *that Russia has acted upon this authority.* The harbor at Port Arthur is deep and narrow and not over large, and is surrounded by high, almost mountainous hills. With all speed, day and night, Russia is planting impregnably her power on these eminences. Trench and earthwork and guns—not frowning guns, but guns that hide their menace—and all the incidents of modern fortification are being perfected over this maritime terminus of her railroad. With the foundations of her physical authority planted deeply even to the hearts of the everlasting hills, it is not possible, it is not thinkable that Russia will ever depart. It is the last and most conclusive piece of evidence to sustain the proposition that she intends to remain in Manchuria as long as Manchuria itself remains on the map of Asia.

The Czar's Tightening Grip on Manchuria

Statements to the contrary are made by the highest authorities in the diplomatic world. If you ask an English diplomat, an American diplomat, most of all a Russian diplomat himself: "Does Russia intend to occupy Manchuria permanently?" each of them will assure you, and sincerely too, that she does not. You will be told, too, that even now Russia is urging upon China a treaty providing for Russia's departure from Manchuria and for her evacuation of even Port Arthur. No doubt such a treaty is being presented to the Chinese Court; but also, no doubt, such a treaty will never be signed.

And if it be not, will it not become clear to the simplest mind that again Russia has made a paper record of nonaggression and of a willingness to surrender which all the world may read? And is not that a strategic position of commanding value in Russia's further negotiations upon the Pacific? Can she not point to the fact that it was not she who violated the spirit of the allied protest to Japan concerning the occupation of Manchuria, but another? that it was not she who was the first to seize Chinese territory, but another? that she secured the lease of Port Arthur and Talienhwan and adjacent territory only as a matter of self-defense? and that, finally, she has actually proposed a treaty for the withdrawal from every foot of Chinese territory?

For that is the case, on the record, which Russia has made to the world; and when the weakened and disappearing Manchu dynasty declines to sign this treaty, has Russia not put the Peking Emperor under additional guaranty and bonds? Has not the Czar become in reality the Suzerain of the Chinese Government?

The Coming War Between Russia and Japan

No, Russia will not withdraw from Manchuria. Her railroad is there, her forts are there, her ships are there, her mines are there. Coal, iron, silver, gold and other treasures of mineral wealth—all Russia's—are there. Soil which will grow any vegetable in the temperate zones and some of those of the semi-tropic countries are there. (You may see wheat, barley, oats, tobacco, potatoes, Indian corn, beans, millet, growing in fields that look like miniature American farms, or rather like overgrown American gardens, in all the inhabited portions of Manchuria. The soil is so rich that many crops were seen last summer upon soil from which the first crop had been gathered only a fortnight before.) All these are there. And, most of all, the command of all China, the point from which the sceptre of the Russian autocrat may be extended over all the East, is there. The throne of the future of the Orient is planted now upon the eminence that lifts above the waters of Port Arthur.

But one agency may dislodge the Russian from Manchuria; that agency is the swordlike bayonets of the soldiers of Japan, the warships of Japan, the siege guns of Japan, the embattled frenzy of a nation stirred to its profoundest depths by the conviction that the Czar has robbed the Mikado of the greatest victory and the richest prize in all the history of the Island Empire—a history which reaches back not through centuries but through milleniums. And that Japan is determined that Russia shall withdraw from Manchuria no careful student on the ground can doubt. No thoughtful student of geography can doubt it.

War between Russia and Japan is as certain as the future is certain. It would be raging now if Japan had the money. It came near breaking out last February in spite of the Mikado's poverty. Only the financial situation muzzles the artillery of the England of the Orient. And Russia's financial situation is almost as bad. And so it is that Russia will be careful to give Japan no *casus belli*. Russian statesmen are obliging, conciliatory, most "reasonable" when confronted with the grim alternative of armed conflict before they are ready for it. But however long the want of actual cash may postpone this conflict, it is nevertheless inevitable. If it is put off for five years, still it is inevitable: if it is put off for ten years, it is certain; if it is put off for a quarter of a century, still it is a fixed event of the future. Why?

Look at your map. Just above Japan, within hardly more than a day's sail, is Vladivostok, one of the two finest harbors for naval and military purposes in the world and one whose only defect is its three months of ice. It is the Gibraltar of the East. And it is Russian. In its waters the Russian warships lie safe from all attack. From its wharves Russian railways run northward through Russian wheat fields to the Russian capital of East Siberia.

Cross, now, southward a peninsula and reach the sea; and travel still south the shores of the sea till you come to the mate of Vladivostok, Port Arthur, of which so much has been said in these papers. Here again the warships of Russia are within instant touch of Japan. Here again they lie in safety, secure from all attack. Again from the wharves of this southern Vladivostok the Russian railway lines run northward. And though the territory through which these railway lines run is nominally Chinese the facts presented in these papers show that, for all practical purposes, it is Russian if the Russian wills it so.

The Intense Enmity Between Japanese and Slav

North of this peninsula, then, are Russian ports, Russian ships and Russian guns, a Russian railway, Russian commerce. Back of this peninsula again are Russian railways, Russian commerce and Russian bayonets. South of this peninsula again are Russian harbors, Russian guns, Russian commerce and Russian railways.

And this peninsula, running out from these Russian environments, almost touches Japan itself. As one of the first Japanese statesmen (not the great Ito, however) said to the writer, in speaking of this peninsula: "It is like an arrow with the point aimed at our heart."

This peninsula is Corea, and it is inevitable that Corea shall become either Russian or Japanese. And if it be Japanese, it is inevitable that Manchuria shall cease to be Russian.

Let us listen again to the Japanese soldier and publicist just quoted. "The absorption," said he, "of Manchuria by the Russians, if completed, renders the position of Corea precarious. And Corea is a matter of first and last importance to us. Corea is life or death to Japan. Corea is like an arrow with the point aimed at our heart."

"Yes," said another Japanese publicist of high intelligence; "if I were a Russian I would insist on Corea becoming Russian even at the cannon's mouth; but, as I am a Japanese, for the safety of my country I insist that it shall become Japanese, and upon that insistence every subject of the Mikado is willing to lay down his life."

"Ah," said a Japanese diplomat, in concluding an absorbing conversation upon the next great crisis of the world, "Corea must be Russian or Japanese. Yes! Well, in that case, it will become Japanese. Every one of Japan's two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers will die, if need be, to achieve this victory for his Emperor—this act of international justice, this guaranty of the safety of the Japanese nation. And, after our soldiers are gone, the nation itself—man, woman and child—will battle, forty millions of us, till the last yen is gone and the last life yielded. I mean what I say. It is with us no statesmen's policy; it is with us the settled purpose and the burning passion of a people."

This is fervid language, but talks with merchants, with guides, with even the common people of Japan will convince you that this Japanese diplomat's Oriental eloquence is quite within the limits of the truth. It is an irrepressible conflict, and there are more contradictory elements of strength, more contradictory conditions, more premises upon which wagers for either side might be reasonably made than in any war of modern times—the Japanese navy, the Russian navy; Japanese preparedness, Russian preparedness; the Japanese soldier, the Russian soldier; the skill, valor, the staying powers of the flower of the people of the Orient against the slowest, the crudest, the most undeveloped, but yet the most tenacious, the most unexhausted and the most elemental race of the Occident. It will be a great drama, and when the curtain falls on the last desperate act the destiny of the East, and, in a certain sense, the future of the world, will be forecast by the flag which flies in triumph over the carnage of that final conflict.

Editor's Note—This is the second paper in Senator Beveridge's series on diplomatic, political and commercial conditions in the Far East. The three remaining papers will appear at brief intervals.

THE MAKING OF A STATESMAN

By Joel Chandler Harris

Author of The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

"If you will come," she said archly, "I'll call you Cousin Billy"

THERE was surprise and consternation in Middle Georgia when the announcement was made that Mary Lou Lumsden had consented to take Meredith Featherstone for her husband. She was the most beautiful, the most accomplished, and the most popular young woman in the State. Such were her native tact and amiability, such was the charm of her personality, that she was as popular with the women as with the men. She had what is called a sympathetic nature. She had broadened her mind in every way. She had taken advantage of the best educational facilities of her day and time, and, in addition, had made the tour of Europe.

The man she had chosen for her husband was, as her friends declared, the last man in the world to attract the attention of such a woman. He was at least ten years her senior, and had no qualities of mind or attributes of person to equalize this disparity of years. He was not handsome; on the contrary, he had a gloomy and lowering countenance. And yet, after all was said, he had a certain quality of promise in his features. He was dignified, and he was a fairly good talker.

The explanation that Miss Lumsden vouchsafed to her friends was that she not only loved Meredith Featherstone, but had discovered in him the slowly developing elements that were finally to make him distinguished among men. She was contented and happy, and her friends were compelled to make the most of a situation they could not control. She married Meredith Featherstone, in due time bore him a daughter who grew to be the embodiment of grace and beauty, and continued to wait hopefully for the day when her husband was to reach distinction. She wanted him to be a public man, a statesman; she longed for the day when he would be able to rise to his feet in an assemblage and command attention not less by the wisdom and beauty of his words than by his commanding presence and powerful personality.

Her heart was set on such a career for Meredith Featherstone. She dreamed of it, and lived on the dreams. The husband, who was a model of complacency in matters that concerned his wife, read a number of books to please her—Niles' Register, the Federalist, arguments on the nature and meaning of the Constitution, histories, biographies and essays; but there never was a moment when he was not ready to throw away the volumes when an opportunity occurred for him to get the advantage of one of his fellow-citizens in a trade or dicker.

After her marriage Mrs. Featherstone became greatly interested in the college commencements that take place every year. On one occasion, nothing would do but her husband must take her to the closing exercises of the University of Virginia. Once she went to Harvard, taking her husband along so that he might get such a whiff of oratory and scholarship as would kindle the smoldering fires of his ambition. In 1853, or it may have been 1854, Mrs. Featherstone, with her husband and daughter, attended the commencement exercises of Franklin College—it is now the University of Georgia—and she was amply repaid for the trouble of the visit, not only because of the opportunity it afforded her of renewing her associations with friends from all parts of the State, but because it brought her in contact with Billy Spence, who, in his graduating year, had become the hero of his class and college.

The Featherstones had not been in the town an hour before they began to hear of the wonderful Billy Spence. There was a deep mystery behind him, and, his admirers declared, a glorious future before him. The mystery behind him attracted attention, and his personality and talents held it. Indeed there was so much talk of Billy Spence that the Featherstones were compelled in self-defense to inquire into his history. It was very simple, and very mysterious.

In the late thirties the old mail-coach drew up at the tavern in Hillsborough, in Middle Georgia, with two passengers—a lady, who was very ill, and her husband, who was very drunk. The night was such a wild one that the coach could not pursue its journey, though there was a relay of fresh horses awaiting it. During the night the lady died, and the man disappeared as mysteriously as if he had been caught up on the bosom of the storm and whirled into infinite space. In dying the lady left a new-born infant, whose destiny promised to be a sad one. Happily, the child fell into the gentle hands of Mrs. Janie Spence, who was with the mother when she died. Mrs. Spence was a widow, who, without resources of her own, supported herself with her needle. In spite of her poverty, perhaps by reason of it, she took charge of the helpless child and brought it up as her own. Her charitable impulse bore good fruit, for her example made itself felt in the town, and she was not without assistance in rearing the boy, who had been humorously named William Shakespeare Spence by one of the town worthies.

When the little fellow grew large enough to attract attention it was seen that he was no ordinary child. He was sent to the village school at the public expense, and when the proper time came a dozen or more citizens subscribed the funds necessary to send him to college. In the college he took high rank at once, not because he was particularly studious, but because he was bright. He was not a plodder, and it was observed by his tutors that he was not specially ambitious. He was not moved by the applause that greeted him when he made a speech, nor did he seem to set any great store by the reputation which he had gained at college.

His lack of ambition was especially noticeable during his graduation year. At the beginning of that college year Mrs. Janie Spence had died, and to the young man it seemed that there was no one else in the world worth living for. His Janie, as he called her, had faithfully fulfilled all the duties of a mother to him, and he had loved her with a tenderness that boys rarely display. He had studied and succeeded in his college tasks to please his Janie, and now that she was gone there seemed little left for him to do.

Mrs. Spence was to have heard his graduation speech, but now she could not hear him, and it needed all his resolution to rise before the swarming multitude—he had never seen so large an audience—and deliver the speech that he had intended to make for his Janie's sake. When he rose to his feet he cast his eyes over the crowd, and permitted them to wander about until they fell on a group of three, a lady, a little girl, and a man of uncertain age. This group was made up of our friends the Featherstones. The lady, not half an hour before, had heard Billy's strange and sad story from one who was fond enough of the young man to tell it well. The little girl had heard it, too, and though she was not more than ten or eleven years old she had the charm of sympathy about her—and she was wonderfully beautiful. Billy was willing to believe that it was the face of an angel that he saw in the multitude. It seemed to console him for his Janie's absence. The face of the lady was even more eloquent of sympathy than that of the child, and was almost as lovely. To this interesting couple, therefore, he delivered the greater part of his speech.

It may be judged whether the speech was successful, not only by the applause with which it was greeted, but by the actions of the students. When the exercises were over Billy's classmates seized him and bore him on their shoulders around the college campus, yelling and singing the college songs. The procession was made more triumphant by reason of the fact that all the students joined in the march, thus furnishing a spectacle which, up to that time, was without precedent in the history of the college.

If the speech was a triumph for Billy, it was also a triumph for the tactics of Mrs. Featherstone, who had all along been trying to make a statesman of her husband. The man fell completely under the spell of Billy's oratory. Surely, he thought, if a mere boy can produce these results, it should not be very difficult for a grown man to match them. And, indeed, it seemed to be a very simple matter. It was no trouble at all for Billy Spence to seize and hold the undivided attention of the audience, to charm it with his periods, to convulse it with laughter, or melt it to tears.

As soon as he could, Mr. Featherstone sought Billy out, drew him away from a crowd of admirers, and presented him to his wife and daughter. The lad found the lady charming and something more. The sympathy that illuminated her countenance told him over and over again that she could be to him a friend whose hearty interest was worth having. With the exception of his Janie's eyes, those of the lady were the only ones he had ever seen that seemed to hold sincerity always in their liquid depths.

Without any preface or prelude, Meredith Featherstone invited the young man to his plantation home near Halcyondale, and this invitation was warmly seconded by the lady and her daughter. It was the child, indeed, who carried the day. "If you will come," she said archly, "I'll call you Cousin Billy." She laid her small white hand on his arm, and looked into his eyes with an appeal that he found it impossible to resist; and, instead of returning to the town where he was born, he found himself, when the college exercises were over, journeying toward Halcyondale in the Featherstone carriage.

Wearing his honors with unexampled modesty, young Spence was duly installed at the Featherstone place as guest. The hospitality in vogue there, quickened by the enthusiastic sincerity of the mistress, was of such a character as to leave the young man entirely free. Emily, the child, true to her promise, called him Cousin Billy, and, as it was her vacation time, she was his constant companion. She went with him to the small town not far away; she showed him the curiosities of the neighborhood—the cold well, the high hill, the big loblolly-pine, the thicket where a big black bear had killed a man, the stream of water known as Murder Creek—the name growing out of the fact that the Indians had waylaid and massacred a number of white emigrants—men, women and children. She showed him also a negro man who had been stolen by John A. Murrell, the famous land pirate.

But it is not to be supposed that the little girl had the guest all to herself. She was forced into the background at night, when Billy sat on the veranda with his host and hostess; and oftentimes the talk of the lady grew confidential—as when she told the lad of the ambition she had for her husband: how she wanted him to become distinguished as a political leader, and how she would never be completely happy until he could captivate and hold a crowd as she had seen Billy do. Meredith Featherstone, for himself, pooh-poohed his wife's ambitious desires, but Billy, seeing that it would please her, did all he could to stimulate her hope. Indeed, he went so far as to declare that speech-making is an art that can be easily acquired by any intelligent man who will seriously undertake it.

"But the speeches," said Meredith Featherstone, lifting his heavy eyebrows; "where are they to come from?"

"A speech," declared Billy with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, "is a mere matter of moonshine. You string a lot of high-sounding words and phrases together—the sound is more important than the sense—and walk out before the crowd. Then you glance around carelessly, and select some one to make your speech to. Do you know to whom I was speaking the other day? Why, to you and your daughter."

"I told you so, mother! I told you so!" exclaimed the child, clapping her hands gleefully, and blushing a little.

There was something in the pleased glances of the child that touched the young man deeply, and, indeed, the whole situation appealed to his gratitude. As he looked at the mother and daughter it suddenly occurred to him that he had it in his power to make them both very happy, and to that end he determined to address himself. This determination was the result of many causes. Billy Spence lived among a people who were able to find something real and satisfying in the ideals of chivalry. A woman's honor, a woman's pleasure, were all in all to them. They held themselves aloof from the spirit and movement of commerce and trade, and they looked askance at what is still glibly called "progress." They had not been bitten by what a prominent Southern man has named the Money Devil. Young Spence was a very definite and sensitive part of his time and environment. The lady and the little girl were fond of him; they gave him their ready sympathy; and to please one or the other, or both, he was willing to sacrifice his own future, which he had never

selfishly looked forward to. He had been ready to win fame for his Janie. That incentive having been blown out like a candle, he was ready to relinquish whatever aims he may have had for the sake of those whom he regarded as his friends and, in a sense, his benefactors. It was a romantic notion, and in the end it caused him no little mortification. With no announcement of his plans, he undertook the work of making what the world is pleased to call a statesman of Meredith Featherstone. It was no holiday task. For hours every day they would be closeted together, and sometimes far into the night. The undertaking had its difficulties, as might be supposed, but Billy Spence kept at it with a persistence that would have been sadly lacking if he had been laboring in his own behalf.

We shall have to judge of Billy Spence's success as a tutor by the events that followed. So far as his personality was concerned, he dropped out of sight and was effaced. Those who had mapped out a career for him on the strength of his success in college, which was notable, were obliged to agree with those who said he was a failure. The reports that went abroad in regard to him were such as follow in the wake of all who fall below the ideals they have implanted in the public mind.

Even the warmest friends of Billy Spence began to lose heart. When they inquired about him the information they received was not reassuring. He was eating the bread of idleness at Featherstone's. Instead of pursuing his studies and making an effort to carve out a career such as his marvelous gifts would have justified, he was clinging to Meredith Featherstone's coat-tails.

Such a condition of things was not uncommon in that day. Kings had had their fools to amuse them, and it was frequently the case that the more prosperous of the Southern planters had about them ne'er-do-weels with a nimble wit and a sharp tongue. And this was what Billy Spence's reputation came to at last; but not before he had witnessed the success of his persistent efforts in behalf of Meredith Featherstone. Proceeding with the approving smiles of the lady and her daughter (the young girl was growing more charming as the days went by) Billy could well afford to shut his ears to the reports that were in circulation with respect to his idle and shiftless habits.

The mother and daughter, it should be observed, had no accurate idea of the nature of the process which they were approving so heartily. All that they knew was that Billy was training the husband and father in the elements and methods of elocution; preparing him, as it were, to make a presentable figure on the platform, and initiating him into the simple art of oratory. The public, as a matter of course, knew nothing of all this preparation. Mr. Featherstone went about among them with an inscrutable countenance—but inscrutability had been tacked to his features when he was born, and meant nothing whatever to those who had known him all along.

There was considerable astonishment when, one morning, the inhabitants of Halcyondale awoke and found neatly printed handbills posted in the public places announcing that Meredith Featherstone would, on the first Tuesday in August, address his fellow-citizens on the various burning issues of the day. As the year was 1856, the first Tuesday fell on the fifth of the month, and the day is still regarded by the oldest inhabitants as the most memorable in the history of that section. There were many surmises in regard to the announcement, and comment was not lacking, particularly as politics were very warm, the issues being practically what they were four years later. The main question was Union or Disunion, and the two parties were badly divided on the question.

The speech delivered by Mr. Featherstone need not be described here. It was a very successful effort. It was delivered with considerable vigor and made a profound impression on the multitude. A vein of strong common-sense ran all through it, and there were bursts of eloquence that everybody said were worthy of Toombs and Stephens. It was full of humor, too; the sort of humor that makes an irresistible appeal to a mixed assemblage; and when the speaker concluded he was greeted with the wildest cheering that had ever aroused the echoes in that neighborhood.

The wife and daughter had seats close to the front, and with them sat Mr. Billy Spence, the dependent. He sat next the daughter, and more than once when her father grew eloquent, or when his utterances elicited enthusiastic applause, she clasped Billy's arm convulsively. As for Mrs. Featherstone, she sat in a state of ecstatic enjoyment from the moment that her husband's triumph was assured; and Billy, gazing fondly on the two, thanked Heaven that he had been able to contribute to their happiness. He had no thought of himself. It never occurred to him to measure what he had thrown and intended to throw away; he was simply filled with gratitude that he had been able to bring happiness to the hearts of these two. He was willing to make any sacrifice to produce that result. Having made one sacrifice, circumstances compelled him to make others; and he went about it with a light heart and a cheerful mind.

The speech was a great success as we have seen. Mr. Featherstone stepped upon the platform a plain, ordinary citizen; he stepped down a great man. It is fair to say that he put on no airs about it. He seemed surprised, indeed, to find his wife crying when he made his way to her in the dense crowd. For a moment there was an alarmed expression on his face.

"What are you crying for, Mary Lou?" he asked uneasily.

"Oh, because I am so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Humph!" he grunted, rubbing his nose. "It's a mighty queer way to show happiness—don't you think so, Billy?"

Meredith Featherstone now had nothing to do but to follow up his first success, and he did this so well that he soon became one of the most influential political leaders in the State. He ranked with Stephens, Toombs and Hill. He carried to a triumphant issue the campaign he had begun at his own home. He was elected to the State Senate, where he served two terms. He was energetic in advocating and in promoting the secession movement, and when the Confederate Government was organized he was elected to the Lower House of Congress, where he made a record that was approved not only by his own immediate constituents but by the whole South.

With the collapse of the Confederacy Mr. Featherstone found his occupation gone, but he soon found a field for his activity in the opposition that the reconstruction acts aroused. He refused to take the oath of allegiance, and became a somewhat embittered irreconcilable. His bitterness was rendered more acute by the fact that his wife died shortly after the close of the war. The poor lady had enjoyed the triumphs of her husband more than if they had been her own. Her highest ambition had been fulfilled, and she died blessing those whom she had loved so fondly all her life.

Now, experience and common-sense, as well as the poet, tell us that to this complexion we must all come at last; and so, in the early seventies, while Meredith Featherstone was consulting with some of the political leaders of the State, he suddenly lost his hold upon life and joined the great majority.

Thus it fell out that one evening in the late fall of 1872 three men sat in a room that had but one other occupant—a dead man who lay with a sheet spread over his face and form. Two of the men were far past middle age, and, by virtue of that fact, sat close to the small fire which the forethought of some one had caused to be kindled on the wide hearth. The third man was no other than Mr. Billy Spence, who, having barely reached the prime of life, sat farther back, a position that brought him close to the silent figure under the sheet. Mr. Spence was serious enough, but there was something about his attitude and bearing—it would be hard to say what—that was far from meeting the approval of the old men.

As a matter of fact, the younger man had never quite met their approval. According to their view he had never lived up to his opportunities—far from it, indeed. They considered that he had wilfully violated one of their treasured maxims—a maxim that had the authority of the Almighty behind it: In the sweat of his brow shall man's bread be earned. Now, if the younger man had ever earned his bread in the sweat of his brow, or in any shape or form, the two old men had never been witnesses of the performance. He had come into the house a dependent without resources, and a dependent he had remained in spite of his acknowledged gifts.

And now, when the two old men looked at each other and shook their heads, each knew what the other meant, and so, for that matter, did the younger man. But it was not a part of his policy, nor did it run with his desire, to resent their attitude toward him. He had no feeling against them; he was supremely indifferent to their opinions, so much so that if they entered into his thoughts at all he found amusement in contemplating them. The two old men, however, mistook his indifference for contempt, and to that extent did him injustice.

Neither of them made any pretense of deep grief as they sat with the dead. They had arrived at a time of life when Philosophy, seated in the chair of Experience, closes with a firm hand the fountain of sorrow, and admonishes mourners to be temperate with their tears, since they know not for whom they will weep on the morrow. They had come to know that all events, the accidents that bereave and the maladies that slowly consume, are alike timely and providential.

As for Mr. Billy Spence, if he did not realize that he had been left in a peculiar, not to say painful, predicament, the old men realized it for him, and they regarded him furtively now and then with that curious lack of sympathy that sometimes manifests itself in those who are old enough to know that sympathy can heal no wounds and mend no broken bones. The position that Billy Spence had occupied was forced on him by events and circumstances which he made no effort to change. He was indeed left in a pitiable plight, but such was his temperament that he had no regrets. He had devoted his high talents to promoting the interests and reputation of his dead friend, and now, at thirty-six, he was brought face to face with a most painful contingency. Yet he had not a thought for himself; his chief concern was the daughter. He had witnessed her grief with a sinking heart, and his quick imagination, looking forward into the future, beheld her lonely and forlorn.

Emily was now twenty-four, and though she had had suitors by the score she had turned them away one by one. When Billy was younger, the popularity of the girl, and the innocent pleasure she took in social affairs, had given him many a secret pang, but now he regretted—though the possibility still gave him a pang—that she had not married one of the worthy young men who had so assiduously sought her hand.

While Mr. Spence was busy with his futile thoughts he heard the tinkling of glasses in the dining-room. The two old men also heard it, and looked at each other with mutual smiles of anticipation. Presently Uncle Ishmael, who for long years had been the body-servant of the dead man, came into the room bearing a small waiter on which were three glasses containing whisky and sugar and water. The two old men took theirs without a word, but Mr. Spence waved away the one intended for him. "Drink it yourself, Ishmael," he said; "you need it worse than I do."

"Plenty mo' whar dis come fum, Marse Billy," Uncle Ishmael remarked. Then, placing the waiter on the mantel, he went to the side of the dead man and lifted the sheet. For some moments the old negro stood gazing at the face of him who had not only been his master but his friend. Uncle Ishmael's countenance cleared as he gazed, and he turned to Mr. Spence with an air of satisfaction. "Marse Billy," he said, "he look like he ain't more'n forty year ol'. Des ez you see 'im now, dat de way he look when you fust come on de place. It sho put me in min' er ol' times."

Billy Spence leaned forward a little and studied the face of his friend. Death had obliterated the perplexed frown and smoothed away the wrinkles, and it seemed that a faint smile was hovering around the firm mouth. Mr. Spence took advantage of the opportunity to stroke the gray hair that clustered thickly about the dead man's forehead, and there was something in the gentle movements of his hand so suggestive of grief and tenderness that the daughter, who was at that moment entering the room, paused on the threshold, caught her breath, and threw her hand to her throat with a gesture of despair.

Mr. Spence turned as the two old men gave her greeting. Somehow, her beauty always gave him a pang, and she was more beautiful now, in her grief, than she had ever been. "Is this the best place for you, Emily?" he asked. The tenderest solicitude betrayed itself in his voice and shone in his eyes.

"Oh, I don't know!" she exclaimed. "My mind is in such a whirl that I don't know what to do or where to go."

"Where is your aunt?" he inquired.

"Fast asleep," she replied.

He made a gesture of impatience. "Then you had best sit here," he said.

"No, I will lie on the sofa in the next room where I can hear your voices. I have been looking over my father's papers," she went on, turning her melancholy eyes on Mr. Spence, "and the discoveries I have made have upset me. Oh, why, sir, have you kept me in the dark? Why have you deceived me?" She advanced a step toward Mr. Spence with an appealing gesture. "It was cruel—oh, cruel!—to permit me to go on for so many years without some hint or intimation. Why, you told me once—a long time ago—you told me——"

She paused and looked at Mr. Spence. He sat with his head bowed, his hands over his face. His whole attitude was one of shame. "I would have spared you," he said, "but you would not be spared. I begged you to leave everything to me—but you would not. Did you break the lock?"

"No, sir; I saw where you placed the key. Oh, I was compelled to do something, and I did that. Oh, sir, how could you deceive me so?"

(Continued on Page 19)

"Why, you told me once — a long time ago — you told me ——"

The Business Man's Reading

By Hon. Frank A. Vanderlip

Former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip

IT IS as important for the young business man to choose well in making his literary friendships as it is to use care in selecting his personal associates. Perhaps the first word of advice in any suggestions regarding a young business man's reading should be along the line of impressing upon him the desirability of making literary friends, but it should be hardly necessary to waste much time in emphasizing the value of well-directed reading in advancing any business career.

One of the reasons why the young business man does not always readily see the value of much reading is that he is apt to be of a thoroughly practical bent, and not quick to appreciate the worth of things that are not immediately available as means of advancement. If a course of reading should be outlined with sound judgment for the average young man in the early years of his business life, he would be apt to ask wherein was the practical utility of the greater part of it. If he is a bank clerk, for instance, and is told to read political economy, it is not at all easy for him to see how such reading will make him a better bank clerk. It requires no political economy to total a column of figures correctly. In the bank clerk's whole experience he has never been called on for any academic knowledge of that character, and he sees that he probably never will be. To waste time over a lot of reading that has no practical application to the work in hand seems useless.

The thing that the young business man should clearly understand is that a well-directed course of systematic reading will be of value not so much in helping him better to do the work he has in hand as in preparing him to do much more important work. The young bank clerk whose duties are simple and routine may ask what good it will do him to know the history and provisions of the national banking law. It will do him very little good if he intends always to be a bank clerk; it may do him a great deal of good if he hopes to be a bank officer. One should not, then, search too closely for the evidence of a direct relation between a well-outlined course of reading and immediate advancement in his position. The relation is there, but the reader must have faith enough to do a great deal of hard, earnest work without expecting advances in salary to follow with the same regularity with which diplomas would be earned in school.

Lessons from Emerson, Franklin and the Bible

If any number of successful business men were asked what thing it is that the young business man most needs to help him on the road to business success, I believe the answer would be unanimous, and it would be—character. This is not an idle platitude. It is sound, practical judgment, and it will be the most strongly emphasized by the men who are the most experienced in affairs. The more I see of business life, the more clearly I comprehend the great practical value, quite apart from their ethical worth, of some of the well-worn and homely old maxims—those maxims which many boys have thought may do well enough for copybook texts or as subjects for graduating essays, but to which they have attributed little practical importance as foundation stones of business success. I believe that successful business men are of one accord in saying that upright, sturdy, trustworthy character is, more than anything else—indeed, more than everything else—the foundation of worldly success.

If that is true there can be no more practical advice than that the young business man should lead his reading along lines which will be helpful in character-building. One need hardly make a catalogue of books of this sort. Different minds will gather inspiration from various sources. The precepts of the Bible, of course, every one will accept as the very best for such purpose. Emerson, Marcus Aurelius, Franklin—the authors are endless, but they will be better selected by the reader than by any one else for him.

One never can tell what particular bit of wisdom may get its grip on a young man's mind and have profound influence in shaping his character and his business success. I recollect, when I was an apprentice-boy, that I got hold of an old file of some Scotch engineering magazine, and I read there some homely advice as to the value of character in the machine shop. The writer pointed out the advantage of a boy's so conducting himself that his foreman should have confidence in his character; such confidence that, when something went wrong, when there was a delinquent somewhere to be discovered, the foreman's mind would at once set this boy aside with a secure feeling that suspicion need not be directed against him. That simple bit of good advice happened to make so much of an impression on my mind that I have no doubt it shaped a good many actions and was undoubtedly of real practical value in securing advancement.

Along with reading that is useful in character-building there should go reading that will create high motives and ideals, for high motives and ideals are of much more practical value in shaping a successful career than a good many young men believe. The reading of well-written biographies will, perhaps, be the most useful in that connection, so many of them point to the possibilities of growth from humble beginnings, and show the force there is in singleness of purpose and in devotion to some clear aim. One will not read many biographies of successful men without being struck with the similarity of the underlying reasons for success.

Why Weekly Papers are Better than Dailies

If character is the first requisite of a successful business career, perhaps the second may be said to be a keen knowledge of one's fellow-men and a clear understanding of the mainsprings of human action. Experience in life gives us that, and it is out of that that the shrewdness of the experienced business man is built. Much knowledge of this sort can be had from reading. Many of the Bible stories, read purely as literature, will help to-day, as they have helped for generations, in forming accurate judgments of men. It is in this direction that there is real, practical value in novel reading. Novels which give correct pictures of life and clear analysis of human character will, if rightly read, add almost veritable living people to one's list of acquaintances. That means a widening of one's experience. Dickens, Thackeray, Howells, George Eliot, Jane Austen, Mrs. Humphry Ward, have all created characters that are as real as living people. The reader who has added those characters to his acquaintance has added to his knowledge of human nature. To read carefully a novel written by a master hand means a distinct broadening of one's knowledge of human motives.

One of the absolute essentials of a business man's reading is the newspaper. Probably most people would say that to the business man it is the most important source of information, and some might say that it contains all that a business man needs to read. For my part, I am very far from attaching to the newspaper the importance which it would seem to merit if we should judge by the relative amount of time which the average business man gives to it. There are distinctly bad results that come from excessive newspaper reading. One is the great waste of time in reading unimportant and ephemeral news. In the making up of the morning daily paper the perspective as to the importance of things must be altogether distorted by the necessity for putting high value upon the latest incident. There is still worse distortion in those papers which have many editions each day. The trivial thing that happens an hour before the paper goes to press, and in the account of which a paper may hope to "scoop" its rival, will, in the position which the editor naturally gives it, far outweigh the really important event which happened twenty-four hours before. Any business man who has received his bundle of home papers in a foreign city knows how quickly he can go through them when the dates are a fortnight old and how little he finds in them of real importance.

As to business subjects, I have had opportunity to know something of newspaper writing from the point of view both of the newspaper desk and the business man's desk. I appreciate the obstacles that are in the way of accurate newspaper work, because I have labored under them: the necessity for haste, the impossibility of obtaining complete data, the desire for sensational presentation in a form that will interest a large reading public, the unavoidable difficulty of handling subjects with which the writer must at times have little familiarity; and on the other side I have seen something of the inaccuracies in newspaper work that are at once recognized by the business man who knows the facts; the lack of value which much serious newspaper writing of this nature really possesses; to say nothing of the sensational journalism where accuracy is entirely subordinated to startling presentation. Such knowledge as I have, gathered both inside and outside the newspaper office, leads me to place a good deal of stress upon the suggestion that the young business man can waste a great deal of time on the daily newspaper.

Of course, the daily newspaper must be read, but I believe the less time there is put upon it, and the more time there is left for better-prepared writing, the greater will be the gain. If the young business man's interests are broad I think he can with much profit read one foreign newspaper: such a paper as the London Times or the Standard. I have been greatly impressed with the men who are the foreign correspondents of those two great English newspapers. The regular correspondents of the Times in at least four of the great European capitals—Paris, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg—are men who have held their important positions for at least twenty-five years. They are better trained in European politics than the average diplomat accredited to those courts, their sources of information are of a superior character, and the reviews which they write of political and commercial conditions are extremely valuable. If the business man reads a foreign language, such a paper as the Frankfurter Zeitung is the highest type of a business newspaper, and can be read with great profit by any one who wishes to keep thoroughly abreast of the currents of European commercial life. In this country we have two or three dailies devoted exclusively to business interests—papers like the New York Commercial and the Journal of Commerce, and they cover remarkably well the commercial and industrial field.

I believe, however, that one can keep abreast of current events much more accurately if he gives comparatively little time to the daily paper and a great deal of time to the weekly review. Such journals handle current affairs with dignity, keen judgment, and much greater accuracy than is to be found in the hurriedly prepared articles of the average daily. If such weeklies are supplemented by monthly magazines and other publications which secure articles on subjects of the most living interest, written by men well qualified to write them, and covering most of the phases of commercial, financial and industrial development, a knowledge of current affairs will be gained incomparably more accurate than would result from the reading of daily newspapers.

Some of the technical weeklies, of which the Financial Chronicle in this country and the Economist and the Statist in England are the highest examples, cover the financial field in a way that leaves little to be desired.

The Results of Indolent Reading

Specific suggestions as to what one should read are of importance, but I believe of quite as great importance is some advice on *how* one should read. It is pleasant to drift about in a boat with oars gently lapping the water now and then as one feels lazily inclined to pull them; it is quite another thing to sit in an eight-oared shell, under the eye of an expert trainer, and pull over a four-mile stretch, making every stroke and every pound of weight count for its utmost. The indolent attitude of mind with which many people read headlines or turn pages bears a good deal the same relation to attentive reading that idle drifting in a rowboat bears to the hard exercise and full physical development that come with good work in a good crew. About the best one can say of time spent in indolent reading, leaving as it does but the haziest of mental impressions, is that the reader has been saved from spending his time in something worse than idleness.

I believe that how to read is really more important than what to read, because good method in reading makes good selection inevitable. Loose writing, inaccuracy of statement, untruthful delineation of character, will none of them stand before the careful analytical reader. If he is reading with right method he will waste little time on poor selections.

If you are in doubt as to whether you are getting the most out of your reading ask yourself how much you remember of the last thing you read. If it was a novel, do you clearly recollect the names of all the important characters? One of the best attainments of a business man is a clean-cut memory for the names and characteristics of the men with whom he comes in contact.

Scientific and Specialized Knowledge

A business man can afford to give up a little of his time to current scientific reading, to keeping his high-school natural philosophy or his college physics up to date, to keeping in touch in a general way with scientific discoveries and the trend of modern research—in a superficial way, perhaps, but still to a degree that may at some time or another in one's business career be of real practical importance.

All these suggestions are rather general, and may seem unsatisfactory because they lack specificness. What the young man wants to know is how he should specialize his reading so as to make it of distinct advantage in his everyday work. Generally speaking, he should read along lines which will give him knowledge that his superiors ought to have, and this will mean that he is fitting himself for better things. If his career is in mercantile lines, he should seek the fullest information regarding his particular line of business. The shoe salesman who will specialize his reading upon leather and leather-working, who will learn about the different processes of tanning and the different methods of manufacture, will not only be a better judge of the goods he is handling but will be better able to sell them. The bank clerk who will master the history of the development of the banking system may not see the application of that knowledge to his daily task, but if opportunity sometime knocks at his door he will be much better prepared to accept the burden of greater responsibilities and wider usefulness.

Editor's Note—This is the second paper in the series for young men beginning business. Others will follow at brief intervals.

Thompson's Progress—The Rise of a Self-Made Man—By Cutcliffe Hyne

Author of The Adventures of Captain Kettle

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—attacked the door with foot and shoulder with the whole of his force

THEIR MR. BENT

IF IN these records it has been shown that Mr. T. Thompson made at one time and another a great deal of money, it should also be remembered in counterpoise that his personal liberality was at all periods very handsome. He was no indiscriminate giver, and (although he was always described as a "pushing" fellow) he was never a man who gave with one eye on the printed subscription lists. Fully three-quarters of his benefactions were held as a secret between himself and the recipient. Indeed, he had a very delicate sensitiveness about this matter.

He was coming out of the mill one day, dog at heel, after a terrific spell of work, and intended to walk home (or rather to trot as soon as he came out into the country) by way of exercise. Twenty-mile spins of this description always gave him more enjoyment for his dinner, especially if the weather was cold or rainy.

But on this occasion he was stopped at the office door by a small boy who said: "Oh, Tom, there's Sarah Olroyd wants to see tha'. Shoo's enjoyin' very bad 'ealth this three week nah."

"Why, she only tumbled down and broke her wrist."

"'T sheckle willn't mend. Shoo's been to t' bone-setter, an' 'e cannot get it to knit, an' shoo's got a bottle thro' t' infirmary an' all, an' that's been no good, nawther. Ye gave her t' recommend."

"I know I did. The fool of a woman ought to have had her shackle set at the infirmary instead of messing about with quacks. Tell her to call here for another recommend to-morrow, and go across to the infirmary again."

"Shoo cannot. Shoo's summat wrang ov 'r insides an' all, an' shoo's been liggin' i' bed ever sin' Bowlin' Tide Munday, so they tell ma. They say shoo's fair clemmed to dee-ath."

"Who says?"

"'T young feller as telled me to slip along an' tell ye."

"Why didn't he come himself? Who was he?"

"Ar dunnoa."

"Looks as if no one was taking any special care of Sarah Olroyd, anyway. I'll just go and see for myself what's wrong. Where does she live?"

"Oop t' entry just past Delver's Arms i' Silsbridge Loin. Third 'ouse. 'T young feller telled me shoo war livin' i' t' cellar-'oil nah."

"You don't seem to know much about it, anyway. There's a penny for you to buy spice with. Come along, Clara."

Clara, that scarred and intelligent mongrel, came up from the opposite side of the street, where she had been passing compliments with a trio of fox-terriers, and she and Tom set off at their usual town pace of four and one-quarter miles to the hour. Tom hated moving slowly, even over a pavement. "Poor old Sarah!" he mused as he walked. "Silly old fool! Why on earth does she go to a quack? And why doesn't she let me know she is hard up, the improvident old idiot? Pride, I reckon. But I'd like to twist somebody's tail for not telling me earlier. Poor old Sarah!"

Mrs. Olroyd had been an acquaintance of Tom's when he was a workman, and ever since he had set up as a master (excepting for that short time when the mill was out of his hands) he had always found her employment as a weaver, and taken care that she had good warps, and could earn good wages. She had no earthly claim on him beyond this item of early acquaintanceship, but that did not count in Tom's mind; neither did the fact of her improvidence; nor the detail that she had a long list of not very attractive failings. In health he would have lectured her on the lot of these points; he had lectured her, in fact, more than once, and in good strong Yorkshire at that; but here she was, poor and ailing, and it was these facts of her needs and misery that alone he remembered.

He stopped once on his way at a grocer's shop and bought tea and tinned salmon, those luxuries beloved of the poor, slipped these into his pocket, and continued once more his rapid walk. Presently he came up the hill, and found himself amongst the Silsbridge Lane slums. He looked around him with familiarity and disgust. He had once himself found residence there, and he had seen to it that his residence had continued for a very small number of weeks. The squalor, the foulness and the misery of it nauseated him. If this were poverty, any change must be for the better. And that, as much as anything else, was the beginning of the ambition which had set him a-climbing the ladder of success with such extraordinary quickness and fortune.

That public house, the Delver's Arms, he knew from ancient experience, having frequently exchanged his coppers there (when coppers were scarce with him) for mugs of inferior beer. The "entry" next beyond it was new to him, but easily found, though narrow of entrance. He stood under six feet in height, but he had to stoop his head to avoid the lintel, and once inside his shoulders shaved the walls.

The air in that narrow passage was sour and stale. One jumping gas-jet illuminated it. In the cinder-paved yard beyond three lean cats were indulging in personalities, but retreated hurriedly at the sight of Clara.

There were no numbers up in this squalid court, but Tom counted out the third house for himself, and noted that it had two outer doors. One entrance stood at the head of a flight of steep stone steps; the other lay six feet below yard-level for the use of the cellar occupant.

The other houses around the yard gave no visible sign of prosperity, but this third house outdid them all. The paint hung from its rotting woodwork in strips and blisters; the glass of most of its windows was gone, and grimy rags bulged in its place; every ensign known to poverty and squalor was flaunted there brazenly. It was just a rookery common enough in that period before municipalities took the dwelling-house question in hand, and it was typical of T. Thompson that the crusade against these hovels was largely of his raising.

He lifted the latch of the door, opened it, knocked, and walked inside. He saw an empty earth-smelling room, stone-paved, strewn with rubbish, and lit indifferently by a tiny window glazed with four grimy panes. A half-sucked orange on the floor pointed to a recent visitor, but there was no further sign of residence.

"Looks as if I had got to the wrong shop," thought Tom.

He was on the point of turning to go, but out of disgusted curiosity took one more look round the cellar, and with eyes now more used to the gloom made out another door in the farther shadow.

"Hullo, Sarah!" he called out. "You in there?"

There was no answer, but when he strained his ears (which through poaching practice had grown very sensitive to tiny sounds) he thought he heard the rustle of breathing.

"Perhaps she's asleep," he mused. "Perhaps she's too far gone to answer. By goy, I shall never forgive myself if Sarah dies from neglect when a little cash and a little care might have pulled her through, the poor old reprobate."

He walked smartly across the dirty flags, pushed open the farther door, which squeaked and yielded heavily, and stepped inside. Yes, certainly there was a bed against the wall. He let go the door, which slammed to behind him, and fumbled in his pocket for a match.

He had trouble in striking it, because everything was clammy and damp. But at last it gave its tiny flare of light, and the cellar sprang up into view.

There was the bed surely enough, recently slept in, but now untenanted. A candle in a socket of nails sprouted from the top of an empty orange-box which stood by the bed-head. Tom lit the candle and noted a couple of cigar-butts on the floor.

"Now where the dickens have I got to?" he wondered. "Sarah is a curious old woman, and has some peculiar tastes. But she doesn't smoke cigars. Clara, dog, I think we'll just leave the matter of Mrs. Olroyd alone for the time being and trot away out home. This seems to be the wrong shop for us, anyway. Peugh! I can do with some fresh air after this hole."

He blew out the candle, crossed over to the door, and put finger and thumb on the latch.

It refused to move.

He put a sturdy shoulder to the planking and shoved. It creaked, but did not yield. He thrust again scientifically, taking care to get the heaviest of his pressure exactly over the lock. He felt the door yield a trifle; in fact, there was a noise that told that the catch of the latch had cracked away. He threw himself against the door again, this time about half-way up and below the latch. The door stood as firm as the solid wall.

Then and not before it dawned upon him that somebody had made him a prisoner. He ceased from movement a minute, holding his breath and making no sound. From the other side of the door there was the distinctive sound of a screw grating against iron and driving into soft wood-work.

"Fixing up iron bars against that door, are you, whoever you are?" he called out, and promptly attacked the door with foot and shoulder with the whole of his force.

He splintered one of the middle panels, but the wood did not fall away. He struck another match, relit the candle, and did a close inspection. Through the cracks of the splintered panel he made out that a sheet of felt had been clapped against the other side of the door. The crunch of the screw-driver told that the man who was making him prisoner was working his hardest now, and without attempt at concealment.

Clara bristled with barkless fury, but the matter was beyond her scope. In Tom, too, the fighting blood bubbled. He looked round the squalid room for a weapon, and wrenched a leg from the wooden bedstead. But the thing was rotten and brittle, and meanwhile the door was being made fast. He flew at it with foot and shoulder, making the most of the momentum of his twelve-stone-five to get the highest efficiency possible into his blows. The wood of the door crunched and cracked, but nothing gave. The heavy felt and the iron battens kept all in place.

He halted presently, sweating and bruised, and began to look about the cellar for some other means of exit. But for the moment he let this wait. A voice from somewhere was addressing him.

"I say, Mr. Thompson, if you're quite convinced you're caught, perhaps you'll just sit down quietly and listen to terms."

The voice was tiny, thin and unrecognizable, and seemed to come, moreover, from an immense distance. Tom puzzled for a moment or two over a certain quality in it that was somehow or other familiar to him, and then recognized that the speaker was holding between his lips one of those ingenious contrivances of tin which a Punch and Judy showman uses to give voices for his puppets.

"If this is a practical joke," said Tom, "let me tell you it's in bad taste. Mrs. Olroyd's ill, and she's a friend of mine."

"It isn't a practical joke."

"Is your game blackmail, then? Because if that's the case you're a long way off getting anything out of me. The odds are I dig my way out of this hovel before another hour is over, and if you do manage to keep me any time, please remember that I am a man who will be much hunted for."

"My dear Mr. Thompson," squeaked the voice, "don't be foolish enough to despise your enemies. I don't pretend to your brains, but I'm not altogether a fool. I've had this little coup in mind for three months, and I fancy I've thought out all possible objections to it, and prepared for them."

Tom's poacher's ears were strung to their highest keenness to make out where the voice came from; Clara, the artful, was busied with the same problem; but neither of them could solve it.

"For instance, wires have already gone off to Mrs. Thompson at Buton Hall and to Mr. Hophni Asquith at the mill telling them that a sudden idea has come to you, and

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Editor's Note—This is the eighth of twelve striking stories by Mr. Hyne descriptive of the rise and adventures of Thompson. The remaining stories will appear at intervals of one month, and each will be complete in itself.

you have run across to Vienna to carry it through. So you see, they won't hunt for you. You know you do have those sudden ideas, and you do make sudden rushes off to London or New York, or wherever it may be, to carry them out."

As this was exactly true Tom wasted no time in replying, but went on with his inspection.

"I know you're a physically powerful man, and if you were left alone you'd burrow a hole through that door in time or pick an opening through the wall. So, naturally, that has been arranged for. You won't be left alone. Presently I shall give you my terms, and then if you are foolish and don't agree to them at once I shall proceed to annoy you. I shall turn on the gas until you suffocate into submission. So take the hint and blow out that candle if you have it lit, and don't precipitate matters by an explosion."

"You fool," snapped Tom, "if you suffocate me with gas that's murder. My carcass would be worth nothing to you, and you are bound to be hanged for your pains."

The voice squeaked out a sort of horrible chuckle. "There'll be no murder, my good sir. I have calculated the matter out carefully, and made experiments, and know exactly when to turn off the gas-tap so as to avoid actual suffocation. When you are so far gone that another ten seconds will make you turn up your toes for good, I shall shut off the tap, let the gas escape away out of the room, and allow you gradually to come to. Then, if you are still stiff-necked, you will have another dose; and so on. You needn't be frightened about it. The thing can be done with mathematical accuracy. As I have said, there have been very careful preparatory experiments before you were brought in to be operated on. The only drawback (from your point of view) is that each experience is pretty exhausting, and has, I am sorry to say, a lasting bad effect on the system."

Tom thumped the partition wall which separated him from the outer cellar, and felt discouraged. It was of stone and at least two feet thick. They builded strongly in those olden days. The voice squeaked on:

"As you must quite understand the situation by now, we might as well come to business. It will cost you exactly £8275 3s. 9d. to get out."

"What on earth's the idea of the odd coppers?"

"The week's wages at your two mills amounted to £1275 3s. 9d. last week."

"Now, I wonder who the deuce you are, to know that!"

The voice chuckled. "You admire cleverness, Mr. Thompson, and you ought to admire mine. I told you I'd worked out the details of this scheme with a good deal of care. Your firm's messenger draws that sum or thereabouts from the bank in cash every Saturday, and the bank has it all ready. The only change from the ordinary procedure will be that you will write a letter to the bank manager, saying you want £7000 additional in notes, and asking him to have it ready, and also that you are sending a new messenger. To-day's Thursday. If the letter is posted to-night it will give the bank plenty of time to have the money ready for Saturday."

"They'd smell a rat at once. No bank would swallow a demand for £7000 in cash without making further inquiries," said Tom, who wanted to gain time. "We always do our business by check or bills like every one else. Why, the most elementary thief ought to know that."

"Not being an elementary thief, Mr. Thompson, I go further, and know that latterly you have been lending money on mortgages. You've worked the business through your solicitor, and when solicitors handle mortgages it is always cash that is handed over, not checks. I'm afraid the bank will give out the money in hundred-pound notes, and I shall have to get rid of those at a big discount. Gold's the only thing I could handle without risk or trouble, of course. But I didn't see how to get gold. Perhaps you could give me a hint?"

"Now, I do wonder who the deuce you are! You're rather a clever kind of brigand, I must admit. But don't imagine you've got your own way yet by a very long chalk."

"Then," squeaked the voice, "if that's your attitude we may as well begin our coercive measures at once."

Promptly an odor of coal gas began to grow in the cellar, and Tom blew out the candle flame. He knew the contours of the room by heart by this time, and could think as well in the dark as in light. It began to come home to him that this invisible brigand was master of the situation. The item of the £8275 did not mean very much to him. He was making an enormous income at the time. But, though he was extremely liberal with his money, like all other successful men he was vastly bitter at the idea of being made to pay out against his will without value received. Moreover, by yielding to this blackmailer he would be establishing a very dangerous precedent.

If only he could find the pipe that gave ingress to the gas, and stop it, that would at least give him a respite; but, sniff and search and listen how he would, he could not make the discovery. Even Clara's keen nose was unequal to solving the problem. In fact, presently Clara made an exception to her fixed rule, and showed her distaste for existing conditions by a very distinct whine.

"Satisfied yet that I can make things unpleasant for you?" squeaked the voice. "I don't want to torment your dog, and I can hear she's had enough of it, anyway."

"Turn off that infernal gas, and let's talk."

"I believe you think more of the dog than you do of your wife, Mr. Thompson."

"Leave my wife out of the question," said Tom sharply. "I don't choose to have her name on the lips of a dirty scoundrel of your description."

The voice chuckled. "Now that's very much to your credit. But why get abusive? You think yourself clever: I've proved myself cleverer. Why don't you offer me work?"

"Get to the point," snapped Tom.

"Mary! Well, I'm——" "Oh!" "Surprised!"

"Certainly. As I have said, you're going to give me a letter, signed by yourself, asking the bank to have the money ready by Saturday, and incidentally introducing me. You may refer to me as 'your Mr. Bent.' Presently, when the gas has escaped, and you can light the candle again, you will find paper and a pen under the pillow on that bed."

Tom scraped a match on the wall.

"Be careful!" shrilled the voice. "Oh, do be careful, or you'll have an explosion!"

"No fear. Not enough gas, always presuming you have turned it off. Yes, here's the pen, and a shut-up ink bottle, and writing-paper. I say, confound your cheek, you've gone and stolen our office paper with the firm's business heading on it."

"My dear Mr. Thompson, what a curious person you are. Now, I should have thought you were just the man to appreciate thoroughness in detail. Of course your firm's business paper is an additional guaranty for the genuineness of everything. Nothing like attending to detail. It wouldn't do for me to have the bank sending round to inquire if it was all right. Have you found the blotting block to write on?"

"Yes, here."

Tom sat on the bed with an uneasy Clara at his feet, and wrote slowly and carefully. The letter was formal and businesslike. It introduced "our Mr. Bent," and said he would call for the money on Saturday morning rather before the usual time at which Thompson & Asquith's messenger was accustomed to draw the week's wages for the hands.

"Here's your authorization," said Tom. "Open the door, and take it."

The voice chuckled. It was a merry kind of invisible brigand. "I've too much respect for your physical powers. Slip the letter under the door. I'll lift up the felt an eighth of an inch or so, to give it passage."

Tom grumbled, and did as he was asked.

There was a couple of minutes' pause, and then the paper slid back again. "Very natural of you to write it that way," squeaked the voice, "but you might have given me credit for having studied your signature pretty accurately. So please write it over again, this time in your usual hand. You might fill out a check, too, whilst you are at it. You'll find a form torn out of your office check book between the leaves of the blotting pad. Don't spoil the check. It is a pity to waste the penny stamp, and if it isn't one the bank will pass I won't pass it either."

Tom set his great square jaw, and there was a look on his face which meant damage for the owner of the voice if they two could come in contact. But he was very securely jailed. Again and again he looked round the cellar, and found no hint at a means of escape.

Window there was none, ventilator there was none. The doorway was the only aperture that met the eye in either ceiling, walls or floor, and the door, as he had learned by unpleasant experience, was very securely fastened. The place was absolutely unbreakable, and to dally with his captor was merely to earn a dose of semi-suffocation. Tom used some good hard Anglo-Saxon when he thought over these items.

"I don't want to hurry you unduly, Mr. Thompson," squeaked the voice, "but——"

"Well, I suppose you're top dog here, and I must give in. But I'll offer you my opinion of yourself, packed small, first. You're a dirty skunk. Money-making's money-making, and thieving's thieving, but there are degrees in each. If you'd got me here by fair means I wouldn't have grumbled specially. But you lure me here on the pretense of seeing a poor old woman who's sick, and I say you're a liar and a dirty skunk."

"But she is ill," pleaded the voice.

"That makes it all the worse. If she's ill, and wants help, I'm the man that could give it to her, and as for you, you beast, I suppose you'd see her starved to death before you'd lift a finger to help her."

"I may have taken a liberty with Mrs. Olroyd's name," squeaked the voice, "but at any rate I made it up to her. I gave her a sovereign to be going on with, and I gave her next-door neighbor five shillings to drop in and look after her occasionally. Please don't think you have a monopoly in pity as well as in mohair, Mr. Thompson."

"If I could think you were speaking truth I'd half forgive your blackmailing me."

"I'm afraid you must take my word for it."

"For the present, yes," said Tom grimly. "But when I get out I'll prove it for myself, and if I find you've lied to me I'll set a hunt on your track, my man, that'll get you by the heels—yes, if it costs fifty thousand pounds to catch you."

"And if not? I'd like to hear the other alternative. As I spoke truth to you your threats don't concern me."

"If you have looked after the old body, why, I suppose it would be compounding a felony, but I'm hanged if I shouldn't like to call a truce and have a look at you. It's a devilish pity you didn't run straight, my man. You've got brains, and you've got organising power, and if you hadn't possessed this unfortunate taste for brigandage you're just the man I could have found employment for. I'd have made your fortune for you."

"This is very flattering," said the voice. "But in the meanwhile just let me have that letter and the check."

"Quite right," said Tom more cheerfully. "Business first. Here you are. Look out, under the door again. By the way, Clara (that's my dog here) is a bit of a judge, and she's snuffling at you underneath the door, and she's graciously pleased to approve of you. She's wagging herself very pleasantly. And let me tell you it isn't one person in a hundred that Clara condescends to like."

"I am overwhelmed," squeaked the voice.

"Yes," thought Tom to himself, "I'll bet that rather scares you. But I wonder who the blazes you can be? You're some one that knows me, and knows the ways of Thompson & Asquith pretty intimately, and that's a fact. 'Our Mr. Bent' I've written you as. I wonder if you're our Mr. Anybody Else? We've some clever fellows in the business, but I can't

put my finger on any one quite sharp enough to have brought off this coup." Then aloud: "Check to your liking, Mr. Thief?"

"Written quite naturally, thank you. So is the letter."

"I suppose you'd hardly see your way to letting me go just yet?"

"Well, hardly.

"Then you present the check the day after to-morrow as soon as the bank opens, I suppose, and then you'll go over the hills and far away. May I come out then? I'll give you my parole to allow you twelve hours' start before I put the police on your track. You'd better be reasonable, and not keep me here too long. I don't wish to brag, but I'm a person of some consideration, and I'm not to be kidnaped without inquiry being made."

"Do you mean that your wife will begin to have search made for you?"

"She will not. She (thank Heaven!) will take it for granted I am all right somewhere. I have told her to. And look here, ——— you, leave my wife out of the conversation. I don't choose to have her name on the lips of people of your class."

"Sorry to have offended you. I meant no special disrespect. In fact, curious though it may seem, I'm very keen to get some liking from you, Mr. Thompson. You say I have got capacity, and I know that it is notorious that you are always on the lookout for assistants who are capable."

"Ye-es," said Tom dryly. "We have a good many branches to our business, but we haven't started a burglary department so far."

"I'm not exactly a hardened criminal," squeaked the voice. "In fact, I may conscientiously say it is the first time I ever tried anything in this line."

"Let me congratulate you on the exhaustiveness of your preparations."

"If you will accept another small piece of personal information, I may say that it is you, and entirely you, who led me into the scheme. You see, Mr. Thompson, you are the cleverest man I know, and I thought if I could succeed in driving you into a corner it would be some sort of certificate of my own ability."

"You flatter with delightful modesty. I should have recommended you to take up diplomacy rather than housebreaking as a profession."

"I haven't dabbled in housebreaking," said the voice with some heat.

Tom chuckled inwardly. "I'm so little up in these niceties. You must forgive my mixing up the various branches of your occupation. Still one can't get over the fact that on, say, a census paper you'd come under the general heading of swindler. It's a pity. By the way, if it isn't an indiscreet question, are you a syndicate? My dog keeps snuffling at the sill of the door, and I wish to Heaven she could talk and tell me her ideas. But anyway, I presume that one of you is there. At the same time your voice, which you have disguised very ingeniously, doesn't seem to come from the door-side. Have I made a mistake in supposing I've to deal with one man? Are there several of you in this little game?"

The voice chuckled. "That's rather a leading question, and I suppose any one with discretion would not answer it. But one's vanity wins on points like these. I've beaten you all alone."

"Hang it," said Tom impatiently, "why the deuce aren't you straight? I could find fifty jobs for a fellow of your brain if only I could have decent surety that you wouldn't kick over the traces."

"I could offer you security to the extent of some eight thousand and two hundred pounds odd."

"Eh? What's that?"

"If I saw my way to becoming 'Your Mr. Bent' permanently, I shouldn't in the least mind depositing a check for £8275 3s. 9d., signed by a very sound firm. You'll perhaps recognize the sum?"

"H'm," said Tom; "there's a good deal I like about that offer. But perhaps you'll answer me two preliminary questions?"

"That depends on what they are."

"Are you our Mr. Somebody-Else already?"

"Not I."

"And did you in truth go and see to old Sarah?"

"To the extent I told you."

"Well, if you've humbugged me again about that old woman, I give you fair warning I'll smash you if it costs me a year's income to do it. But if your conscience is clear on that point I'll put you into a billet under the firm straight away. Any clever, honest man could make himself into a successful rogue if only he chose, and so I don't see why a clever rogue, if once he makes up his mind not to go crooked again, shouldn't make a very prosperous, honest man."

"Quite agree with your theory," squeaked the voice, "though I object to your implication that I am a rogue. However, we will argue that out later. I will get to work again on the door."

"I wish to Heaven I could acquire some of the senses that Clara possesses. As soon as you go to that door Clara goes and snuffles again at the sill, and it's all Bradford to a tin-tack she knows you, or else it's going to be love at first sight with Clara. I may tell you she's wagging to an extent that's perfectly dangerous."

There was no answer to this. A screw-driver crunched diligently outside the door.

"A very excellent wine this. It seems you have a nice taste in vintages amongst other talents. Well, I'm all curiosity to see you."

The splintered door swung open, and there in the frame of it, laughing, stood—his wife!

"Mary! Well, I'm——"

"Sh!"

"Surprised!"

"Thought you would be, dear."

"And is this game all your own concoction?"

"All my little own, Tom."

"Of course, I couldn't recognize your voice."

"I didn't intend you should. First of all, there was the tin Punch and Judy thing. Then there was this speaking-tube here. I had the end of it branched out into twelve smaller tubes which all come out through the cornice above there. You couldn't tell a bit which direction the voice came from, could you?"

"It was a touch of genius in its way. So are the cigar-butts on the floor, and all the rest of it. I made sure you were a man. But what's the whole thing about? I suppose you had some object in it all?"

"I have an object in most things I do, Tom, though you are only just beginning to appreciate that. To commence with, you've been annoying me very seriously of late!"

"I, Mary? I'm just as fond of you as I can stick, and I've done everything I could think of to give you pleasure, dear."

She took him by the lapel of his coat, and wagged a serious finger at him. "You've not. I want to live all of your life with you, and you've tried to keep me entirely to your home life. You wanted me to share none of your other worries and ambitions. Now I have earned your word that in future I am to be 'Your Mr. Bent;' and though I don't want you to keep to the letter of that promise, I do want you to let me help where I am able."

"Assuredly you shall, old girl."

"Here's your check, by the way. There's one other thing I'd got my knife into you about."

"The dickens you had. You seem very vindictive."

"When I suggested taking up politics for the pair of us you said I hadn't enough finesse."

"I apologize humbly, Mary. In fact, I grovel. You've a most dangerous amount of finesse and strategy and invention in your possession. By Jove, dear, I never properly realized what a clever wife I've managed to get hold of."

"There's nothing like being appreciated by one's husband, at any rate," said Mrs. Thompson with an impudent nod. "You never knew me till we were married. You saw me from a distance——"

"I saw you close at hand."

"Well, we met over that absurd fish you keep in that glass case, and you made up your mind in your fierce, keen way that you were going to marry me, and you did it. But at the same time your abominable pride wouldn't let you come near me and pay your court in the usual way, and get to know my many excellent qualities and failings, and so now, my dear man, that I've hooked you fast, you've got to learn them."

"I can quite believe that. By the way, this check is yours, not mine."

"No, no, Tom, that would give an ugly edge to the joke."

"Well, we'll just change it into diamonds, and when I see them I shall remember that we are partners in every way now, ambitions included."

"Tom, you're a perfect duck," said Mrs. Thompson, "and I'm going to kiss you. Now, let's go and see that slatternly old Mrs. Olroyd and pension her off. I'm sure I owe her something for so pleasantly taking her name in vain."

"Yes, come along; I've got some tinned salmon for her, and some tea."

The Story of the City Daily

By David Graham Phillips

WHAT IT COSTS IN MEN AND MONEY

SIX years ago the circulation of all the daily newspapers of New York City was under rather than above 1,000,000 a day. And New York was then a marvel of newspaper production and newspaper reading. To-day at least 2,000,000 newspapers pour from New York City's presses every twenty-four hours; and large circulation figures, five years ago grudgingly conceded to three papers, are claimed, and claimed honestly, by eight or nine. A decade ago or less a circulation of 40,000 would have been regarded as notable. To-day an "East Side" newspaper, published in the Hebrew-German-Russian jargon called Yiddish, has a daily circulation of 40,000. Four English newspapers circulate about 100,000 each; a fifth circulates 200,000; two others have circulations that are little below 600,000 and often exceed it.

Two-thirds of these newspapers are distributed within Greater New York and its suburbs within a radius of twenty miles. In that territory there are not more than 3,000,000 youths and grown persons. A million and a quarter newspapers every day for a reading public of at most 3,000,000 persons. And such newspapers!—twelve, fourteen, sixteen and twenty pages on week-days; from forty to eighty and ninety pages on ordinary Sundays; a hundred pages or more on Sundays when Christmas, Easter, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving or other special numbers are issued.

There are the most obvious physical evidences of this extraordinary appetite for newspapers. Wherever you go in New York City, at whatever hour, you see the newspaper and the newspaper-reader—the newspaper for sale at every other corner, or cried by swarms of boys, or strewn on park-benches and car-seats, in waiting-rooms, the offices of hotels, the aisles of theatres, on the tops of ash-barrels, on the very sidewalks; the newspaper-reader walking along absorbed in his or her paper, tippling at it between the acts at the play, poring over it in the cars, or, if he or she is without a paper, then pilfering the contents of a neighbor's.

As the facts and figures suggest, the reading of newspapers has ceased to be a mere diversion with the New York public. It has become a passion. Some persons think it is growing into a craze. The "average New Yorker"—the woman as well as the man—is not content with one or even two newspapers a day. He or she must at least glance at three or more, not counting the reading of huge headlines as the newsboys hold the papers out, or the gaping at newspaper bulletins. And on Sunday the "average household" opens its door to an inundation of paper that hides the carpets.

The Marvelous Demand for Newspapers

The craving for newspapers extends to all classes and conditions. A New York woman observed that, although her recently imported servants either could not read at all or could read only foreign languages, they took in three English newspapers. "We can spell out the headlines, ma'am," explained the upstairs girl; "an' then there's the pictur's, ma'am—some of 'em's that funny!" Below the line of illiteracy, and up among the scholarly and secluded, the passion has spread, and continues to spread. If newspapers were not so freely tossed about the circulation figures of the largest New York papers might be much greater than they now are.

As for the making of newspapers, it long since became a raging fever. The presses are going day and night. And behind the presses are the worn, restless editors, writers and artists, toiling heedless of the hours for sleeping and eating, wearing out body and mind in the effort to feed and to stimulate the public appetite. In the big newspaper offices the fever is so high that to an outsider it looks like delirium, almost like insanity. Even the staid "conservative" newspapers which a few years ago were content with a small "class" circulation and were proud of their deliberateness, are now infected and are exhibiting signs which become only the more apparent as they loudly rebuke the "yellows" and protest against the degeneracy of the times.

What is the explanation of this revolution both in the reading and in the making of newspapers in New York City, and, in a less degree, in all American cities?

The answer is, the rise of the aggressive one-cent, illustrated newspaper, clamorous for circulation and appealing in every number to every class, from the day-laborer to the scholar, from the scrubwoman to the woman of fashion.

And of all the "signs of the times," none is more important than this sign, carefully read to its full meaning. Therefore, a detailed look into the operations of "twentieth century journalism," one of the nicknames of the new one-cent journalism, can hardly fail to be instructive and may be interesting and even amusing.

First, there is the plant—the mechanism by which this new and tremendous trumpet of publicity produces its effects. Second, there is the product—the voice of publicity. Third, there is the power—the effect of that voice upon the enormous and increasing audience.

The Expenses of a One-Cent Daily

Let us take the two great one-cent newspapers of New York, for example.

One of them occupies seven floors of a huge office building. The other is scattered in nine buildings so widely separated that it would take several hours to visit them all, yet intimately connected by telephones and pneumatic tubes. That paper pays about $100,000 a year in rent and has among its expenses $100,000 a year for leased telegraph wires.

To keep such a newspaper going without loss the business office must find about $3,000,000 a year; about $57,000 a week. There are just two sources of income—the sale of papers and the advertisements.

By the sale of papers perhaps one-fourth of the total expenses is met—$15,000 to $18,000 a week. The average price to the newsdealer or newsboy for the daily, morning or evening is about half a mill over half a cent, and for the Sunday, just under four cents. This sum does not, as a rule, meet the cost of the white paper. On that alone, the larger the circulation the more money is lost.

White paper is the greatest single problem, the greatest single anxiety, to the big one-cent newspaper. To produce the paper which is used by either one of the largest New York newspapers ten acres of spruce forest must be cleared and swept into the paper-making machines every twenty-four hours. Obviously a difference of a tiny fraction of a cent in the price of paper may mean prosperity or the reverse. The object is to keep the cost of the white paper in each copy near the selling price of the newspaper—whenever possible, below it. And this means not only great watchfulness as to waste and in keeping down the "returns"—that is, the excess of copies printed over copies sold—but also and chiefly great care in keeping down the number of pages in the week-day morning and evening editions.

To raise one of these newspapers from twelve pages to fourteen, or from fourteen to sixteen, means to raise its cost for the edition $450 at least. And the selling price, of course, remains unchanged. If this raise is made every day, morning and evening, for six days, that week the addition to the white-paper bill will be $5400.

The white paper costs from $18,000 to $20,000 a week. The income from the sales is $15,000 to $18,000 a week.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three papers on this subject by Mr. Phillips. The second paper will appear in a fortnight.

Advertisements are therefore the foundation and most of the superstructure of the *business* of one-cent journalism on the colossal scale. From them must come an income of more than $2,000,000 a year, or about $40,000 to $45,000 a week — not in order that the paper may make a profit, but in order that it may not actually lose money

The advertising rates vary in the various big papers, ranging from $30 a column to $70 and $80 and $90; higher for the evening than for the morning, higher for the Sunday than for either, higher for "display" advertisements than for the "classified," such as "Help wanted." At an average of $70 the column, about 30,000 columns of advertising a year must be got for the morning, the evening and the Sunday together in order that expenses may be met. Speaking very roundly, one-half of all this would go into the Sunday editions and the other half would be divided between the 313 morning and the 313 evening papers — one half in 52 papers, the other half in 626 papers

It is thus apparent that the Sunday edition is the backbone of the big one-cent newspaper. Because of its higher price there is sometimes a profit — small, but still a profit — in its white paper. Because of its larger circulation — about equal to the combined morning and evening circulations for any one day — there is a much higher rate for its advertising and a greater demand for advertising space. It sometimes happens that $35,000 will be taken in from advertising and sales of papers together for a single Sunday. The in-take from advertising alone in a Sunday special number has gone beyond $30,000 in at least three newspaper offices in New York

If it were not for these great Sunday papers the profits of every large newspaper in New York would be almost wiped out — in several instances wholly wiped out. The morning and the evening editions often do not pay for themselves. Their *commercial* value is in large measure their influence upon the circulation and profits of the Sunday paper. And for that they are indispensable

Assuming that the circulation about meets the white paper bills, there remains, in not too round numbers, $40,000 a week, of income from advertising, that is expended upon the making of the paper — upon the gathering of materials and the use of machinery for the ink-impressions on these miles upon miles and tons upon tons of paper

The largest items of expenditure are the commercial and mechanical — $1000 a week for the business office, $1000 for the stereotyping department, $1500 for the press-room, $2000 for cable and telegraph, $3000 for the circulation department, $7000 for the composing-room, etc. In all perhaps $15,000 to $18,000 or $20,000 a week will be spent in these ways

"Incidentals" under that general head are such items as $150,000 to $200,000 a year for postage

There is no business in which skilled labor is so well paid In the World, Journal and Herald establishments, for example, there is not a grown man working full time who gets less than $1500 a year; and many of them get $2000, $2500 and $3000 a year. Pressmen, stereotypers, compositors, all are backed by strong unions which are intelligently managed in the main, and not only know what they want and what they can venture to demand but also how to demand it. A newspaper must come out every day; these particular newspapers must come out every few hours. And they must have intelligence even in the purely mechanical departments

For example, it will make a vast difference in the sale of a paper whether it be clearly printed or not; and that point depends usually upon the way paper and ink are fed into the presses An incompetent press-room force would wreck a big newspaper in six months

Three facts or groups of facts will, perhaps, give a better idea of the proportions of the mechanical department of a newspaper than would detailed description

First: The press-room of any one of these biggest newspapers has a capacity of 750,000 eight-page papers an hour — printed, cut, folded, counted, ready for the mailing and delivery rooms

Second: One hundred tons of metal are kept in stock for making the stereotyped cylindrical plates from which the paper is printed. Seventy tons of metal are used for making these plates for the Sunday paper. In printing that paper alone no less than 1400 plates are used, each weighing about 50 pounds

Third: Each of the very big New York newspapers publishes on Sunday enough papers to make a weight of from 200 to 275 tons; and about 30 extra-large express cars leave New York every Sunday morning before dawn with upward of 500 tons — 1,000,000 pounds — of paper for out-of-town readers of New York's Sunday newspapers

Of the $57,000 a week which we set out to account for in a general and necessarily inexact way there remains between $18,000 and $25,000 a week — a million to a million and a quarter a year. This sum is expended upon the editorial and news departments — in the salaries and expenses of reporters artists, correspondents, news-editors, cartoonists, editorial and feature writers.

The man of highest salary will probably be the editorial manager with his $15,000 to $25,000 a year or more. Then will come half a dozen news-editors with their assistants, and an editorial-editor with his assistants — these with salaries ranging from $6000 to $15,000 or $20,000 a year. There will be one or two famous cartoonists at $12,000 or $15,000, several editorial writers and correspondents of reputation with salaries of $8000 or $10,000. Then there are the artists, reporters, copy-readers and feature-writers who are paid from $2000 to $6000 or $7000 a year. Not long ago twenty of the principal editors and writers and business-office men of a one-cent newspaper were assembled at a luncheon. The business manager, whose salary was not far from $15,000 a year, whispered to his neighbor that the "talent" at that table was costing the proprietor $170,000 a year, an average of $8500 the man. If five of the men of lower salary had been absent the average would have been above $10,000

There are three separate staffs — the morning, the evening and the Sunday — the last devoting itself to getting out the Sunday supplement — the black and white feature supplements, the magazine in colors, the comic weekly in colors, sheet music, children's games, etc. The morning and evening staffs are subdivided into day and night forces, these divisions persisting throughout the establishment, including the business office and the various mechanical departments In all, counting the regular out-of-town correspondents both abroad and at home, there are about 400 persons regularly on the editorial and news pay-rolls alone. And to these must be added scores of retained correspondents — who can be called upon when needed

We have now noted in bare outline the colossal structure reared upon the demand for an article which sells at half a cent on week-days and four cents on Sundays and whose usefulness to its purchaser is ended a few minutes after he buys it. At every step we have seen possibilities of ruinous extravagance — a business manager, by conceding to the manufacturer an eighth of a cent a pound on white paper, may disrupt the finances for a year; a circulation manager, by over-confidence, may send out too many papers and cause costly "returns" amounting easily to hundreds of thousands of dollars a year

But more dangerous to an institution of this kind than extravagance is economy. There must be boldness, eagerness to take risks, indifference to expenses, or there will be inevitable decline and failure. So it happens that in these newspaper offices the pendulum is constantly swinging sharply from reckless extravagance to panic-stricken economy. One week, through special effort on some news-feature, the telegraph or cable tolls will rise from an average of perhaps $2000 to $10,000, to $15,000, even to $20,000. The next week a news-editor will waste hours in counting and cutting the words of every telegram he sends. But — we have now assembled the plant, and are ready for the product

The Great Natural Healer

By Max Adeler

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Author of Out of the Hurly-Burly

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Half-raising himself from his recumbent position, he looked at me in a frightened way

THE man whose chair was next to mine on the deck of the steamer Arcturus as she speeded toward Liverpool had never been inclined to talk freely when we found ourselves together. He had responded with politeness if a word or two had been addressed to him, but had refrained from saying anything that would have led to further conversation He was a man of pleasing appearance, with brown hair and beard, and with kindly brown eyes looking through gold spectacles. He seemed to me to be about thirty five years old, and his face made an impression of refinement and intelligence. I should have thought him, at a glance, a man who could talk agreeably and with profit to his hearer.

The sea was rough one afternoon, and as we sat side by side watching the tossing waves and the rolling of the ship I was impelled to say to him:

"I wonder if there really is any remedy for seasickness?"

He started, almost as if I had struck him. Half-raising himself from his recumbent position, he looked at me in a frightened way, and I, thoughtlessly, not knowing precisely what to do or say in such a queer, unexpected situation, added, "You don't know of one, do you?"

Instead of making answer, the color left his face and he struggled out of his chair and his wraps, and dashed toward his deck stateroom, which he entered, closing the door.

Of course, I thought my words had operated upon his mind by suggestion so that he had felt seasickness coming on. I was sorry I had referred to the matter, but I considered that he would have had the attack at any rate, sooner or later, and so I could not feel very culpable.

But an hour afterward I saw him again upon the deck, appearing to be perfectly well, and in a few moments the deck-steward came and removed his chair to the other side of the steamer. Then I felt angry; and I resolved to try to discover in what manner I had given offense to him by making what seemed to be an inoffensive observation

For two days he evaded me; but on the third day I found him hidden in a corner of the smoking-room. I looked him in the face, and said to him

"I am sorry if I offended you by what I said the other day Of course, you know, I had no idea that my remark would be disagreeable"

His eyes were cast downward for a moment and he hesitated to reply. Then he said:

"It was not disagreeable, I assure you. Not that, but ——"

Then he stopped and looked again at the table

I was about to turn away, when he raised his hand with an appealing gesture and said:

"You simply frightened me."

"I did! I frightened you? I don't at all understand ——"

"How could you?" he replied with a faint smile. "My conduct must have seemed very strange and rude. I should like ——" he said, and then his voice and his eyes dropped, and a few seconds elapsed before he spoke again. "I should like to explain the matter to you — to tell you my story, if you would care to hear it and if you would accept it in confidence.

I could not refuse his offer. Besides, my curiosity was strongly aroused. He invited me into the parlor adjoining his stateroom, and when he had locked the door and both of us were seated he said:

"My name is John P. Tadcaster, and I am the victim of misfortune; the most strange and dreadful misfortune. I am in every fibre of my nature a truthful man, but as you look at me sitting here I am incarnate Falsehood; yes, a living, walking, miserable mass of deception!" He placed his elbows upon the little table and covered his face with his hands. I thought he would fall to weeping. Recovering himself, he said

"About a year ago I made up my mind to learn the Spanish language, with the notion that I could enter the consular service of the United States and obtain appointment to one of the South American stations. That I might concentrate my attention upon this study, and get away from all business and social diversion, I went up to the little town of Borax, in Sullivan County, Pennsylvania. Borax you may know, but probably you don't know, is away off in the mountains among the hemlock forests, and is really almost as much apart from

"You kin stay in this yer house board-free 'a long 'a you've a mind to"

civilizat on as if it were in the wilds of Oregon. The people are simple-minded, and usually ignorant, and yet many of them are quite well off—the hemlock bark industry having brought no little money to the town and the neighborhood. Borax has a fairly good hotel, and I had secured a suite of rooms on the second floor, looking right out over the tiny lake. It was an ideal place for study.

The stage that brought me from the railway station, eleven miles away, reached Borax at four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. As I stepped from the stage in front of the hotel, and was about to direct the host to care for my trunk, a man rushed up to me in a condition of excitement and asked:

"'Are you a doctor?'

What's the matter?' I asked.

"That was a fatal response. Why did I not simply say no, and turn away? Alas! if we could foresee the consequences of our words and actions! The man at once concluded that I was a physician, and seizing my arm he hurried me around the corner to the porch of a house where a crowd was collected. We pushed through the people and, gaining the porch, I found a boy of fourteen lying upon the floor with a gash in his head and with his face very pale.

"'He fell off the porch-roof,' said one of the bystanders, addressing me, 'and cut his head and broke his leg.'

"'Why don't you send for a doctor?' I asked. 'You have a doctor in Borax?'

"'Yes,' was the reply, 'Doctor Bowser; but he went down to Harrisburg yesterday and won't be home till Monday.'

"Without saying more I had the blood washed from the boy's head and the hair clipped away; and then I drew the slight cut together and fastened it with some court-plaster. Then I felt the boy's leg. I know absolutely nothing about such things and the leg did not seem to me to be broken. But the boy said it was, and all his friends and all the bystanders said it was, and who was I to disregard such testimony? I sent for two shingles and muslin, and tied the leg up in splints as well as I could. I am apt to be feverish when I go into a new country, so I always carry quinine pills with me and I never leave home without paregoric. I felt somewhat uneasy about the boy when the leg was bandaged, and I had an impulse to go to the very end of my resources so as to give him all the chances that were within reach. I gave him two quinine pills and a teaspoonful of paregoric and had him carried home on a plank and put to bed.

'Really, I thought no more about the boy, but turned at once to my studies.

"On Sunday morning, just as I had finished breakfast, Andrews, the landlord, told me that some of my friends wished to see me on the hotel-porch. I went out, and there was the wounded boy, and Doctor Bowser (who had returned a day sooner than he had expected), and half the people in Borax. Three rousing cheers greeted me as I came through the doorway. The boy rushed up and threw his arms about me; his mother kissed me; the man who had called me to the case cried vehemently: 'Hurrah for Doc!' while Doctor Bowser seized my hand and said:

"'Wonderful, Doctor, wonderful! I never saw a cure like it! A broken leg knit and well and sound in four days! Amazing! I congratulate you! If you're going to stay in Borax I might as well quit!'

"I hardly knew what to say, but I was resolved to have no misunderstanding of my position, so I exclaimed:

"'Gentlemen, I am no physician. I assure you I never opened a medical book in my life. I don't know one bone from another.'

"A perfect howl of derisive laughter expressive of unbelief arose from the crowd. Everybody thought my protest just a bit of fun, or else the impression was that I had resolved to pretend ignorance so that I could have rest while I stayed at Borax.

"Doctor Bowser laughed more heartily than any of the other Boracians, and, taking me by the hand, he said: 'It's of no use, Doctor. Skill like that can't be disguised. It was masterly.'

"'I don't believe the boy's leg was really broken,' I said.

"'Yes it was, Doc!' shouted at least a dozen men in the crowd, addressing their answer to Doctor Bowser. 'I seen it as limp as a wet towel,' said the man who had first summoned me to take the case. 'The leg was broken all to flinders, you could fold it like a two-foot rule.'

"'Gentlemen!' I said, 'I have come here to study. I am no doctor. I am in blind, blank ignorance of the whole business. I thank you for your kind behavior and your good wishes, but I ask as a favor that you will believe me and will not attempt again to call me to a case of illness.'

"I could perceive that nobody believed me, not even Doctor Bowser. Everybody laughed, and Doctor Bowser said, shaking my hand: 'All right, Doctor. We shall respect your wish to be let alone; but I think you might help out a poor fellow like me if I get into a tight place.'

"I withdrew to my room. Well, well indeed had it been for me if I had taken the stage on Monday morning and forever fled from Borax!

"For ten days I had peace, and in the quiet of that lovely neighborhood, in the bracing mountain air, I felt that I could conquer any branch of learning. I made wonderful headway with my Spanish, and really the incident to which I have referred had almost passed from my mind.

"But one day Mrs. Andrews, the wife of the man who kept the hotel, knocked upon my chamber door, and when I opened it she said: 'Doctor, my little girl seems quite ill. Won't you come downstairs and look at her?'

"I had admired this child, and more than once had taken her upon my knee and fondled her. I said to the mother: 'Mrs Andrews, I am very, very sorry, but I am not a physician, and it would not be right for me to treat Mary. Why don't you call for Doctor Bowser?'

"'He has gone across the mountain,' she answered, 'and cannot get back until to-morrow. Please, please come and see Mary. I'm afraid she is very sick.'

"'Mrs. Andrews,' I said; 'if I could help her I should be glad to go, but I cannot. It would be wrong for me to attend her. I might do serious injury.'

"Mrs. Andrews looked at me with disbelief plainly depicted upon her countenance, and then she began to cry. Imagine my feelings! To have a mother, a respectable woman, regard me as a hard-hearted brute who would not move a step to save the life of her darling little one! You can guess what I suffered. I did not know what more to say, and Mrs. Andrews with her apron to her face, turned away. I could hear her sobbing all the way downstairs. Then plainly I heard her relate to her husband, in a broken, tearful voice, how I had refused to see the child.

"Andrews was angry. He applied to me several revolting expressions; and three or four men who were sitting in the hotel-office indicated that they entered fully into the view he took of me.

"'I'll go up and see him,' I heard Andrews say. He came up hurriedly and three of his friends came with him. His tone lost some of its severity as he presented himself to me.

"'Doctor,' he began.

"'Not Doctor, if you please, Mr. Andrews; I am not a physician.'

"'That kind of thing is all very well, Doctor,' he replied, 'when there's nothin' the matter. Ef you want to hide or keep a secret I'm willin' to help you; but I put it to you as between man and man, is it fair to let a pore little innocent baby suffer because you are up to somethin'? Hang me ef I think it is.'

"'Try the man who keeps the drug store,' I said.

"'Try no man in no drug store!' he answered with scorn and anger; 'not while a big city doctor's in this yer very house. I guess not! Now, will you come and cure that child or won't you come? That's what I want to know. If she dies her blood'll be on your head.'

"'Yes,' exclaimed Fullerton, the butcher, who had come upstairs with Andrews, 'and there'll be more blood, too. I'll bet you'll see some lynch law in this town.'

"'I'll get the rope myself,' added Burns, the tax-collector. 'Durn me ef I don't!'

"'Gentlemen,' I said; 'on my word of honor I am not a physician and in my ignorance I may do the child grave harm, but, as you will persist in refusing to believe what I say, I suppose I must see the child. Lead me to her.'

"The poor little one had a high fever and her face was crimson. I hadn't the least idea what to do. To save my life I couldn't remember any of the medicines commonly given to fever patients. But I took out my paregoric bottle, put six drops in a spoon with water, and chipped a fragment from a quinine pill and gave it to the child. Then I told her mother to give her as much very cold water as she wanted.

"That was at two o'clock in the afternoon. I went out for my usual walk down the ravine through which the lake found its outlet. The day was so pleasant that I took my book with me, and sat for two or three hours by the stream studying. I heard the supper-bell ringing as I approached the hotel, but nobody was in the dining-room. There, upon the porch, stood Mrs. Andrews, smiling and holding in her arms the child, from whom every particle of fever had fled, and Andrews and Fullerton and Burns and the waitress and the bar-tender and the stable-man were there with her.

"They gave a shout as I appeared, and Andrews, coming toward me and clasping my hand, said:

"'Doctor, I don't understand your way of behavin', but sure and certain you've got hold of doctorin' by the right end; the baby's well.'

"'Well?' I exclaimed.

"'Perfectly,' said Mrs. Andrews. 'The fever stopped ten minutes after you gave her that wonderful medicine. Feel her pulse.'

"'I couldn't tell anything about it,' I said, 'if I should feel her pulse. It was the cold water that cured her.'

"Everybody, from Andrews down to the stable-man, roared with laughter, and then Andrews said:

"'Doctor, I don't care how queer you behave; all I got to say is that you kin stay in this yer house board-free 's long 's you've a mind to. It's magic!'

"'He's just a Great Natural Healer,' said Burns.

"I had to kiss the child, who certainly looked well, and then we passed into the supper-room.

"Borax fairly rang with the report of this marvelous cure and the hotel-office was crowded all the evening with people who discussed it. My popularity was so great that I could not venture out upon the porch without having a dozen or two men coming up to have the honor of shaking hands with me.

"On the next Saturday night while I was standing in the office the stage drove up and a woman got out and called for some one to help her boy to descend. The boy was about twelve years old, and he was so ill that Andrews had to carry him into the house.

"'Here's another chance for you, Doctor,' the landlord said as he passed me.

"'No,' I answered; 'if the boy's sick send for Doctor Bowser.'

"The mother, Mrs. Collins, was quite willing to do so, but of course Bowser was away—he was always away; and so, unless I wanted to be regarded as an inhuman monster, I simply *had* to go to attend the patient. From the way Geordie (they called him Geordie) looked I was sure he would be dead before morning anyhow, and though I hadn't the least notion whether his malady was typhoid fever or measles, I gave him one quinine pill and a teaspoonful of paregoric, as usual. Can you blame me? What would you have done? They were the only medicines I knew about and I thought they were harmless.

"You will hardly believe me, but after leaving the boy I hadn't got to the bottom of the stairs before I heard exclamations of joy, and—well, to make the story short, Geordie sat up in half an hour, and at dinner next day he ate enough to satisfy three ordinary boys. I never knew whether he had overeaten himself or was just shamming. Anyhow, Doctor Bowser came around that same evening and asked me to go with him to his office.

"When we got there he offered me a cigar and said:

"'Do you know you've got all Sullivan County wild about you? The cure of that Collins boy yesterday was the most wonderful thing I ever saw.'

"The boy, he said, had some frightful malady; I never could remember the names of those things, and Bowser said he'd as soon think of trying to cure the worst case of leprosy.

"'Old man,' he said, 'what is your secret? Haven't any? Why, it's almost supernatural! If I had your power I'd soon be the richest man in the county. I wish you'd go into partnership with me.'

Again, with deep solemnity of manner, I explained to Bowser that he and his neighbors were mistaken. That I had never studied medicine.

"'Oh, come now,' he said with a smile; 'you can't keep that up with me. What is your full name?'

"'John P. Tadcaster,' I said.

"'Just so,' answered Doctor Bowser, blithely rising and taking from the mantel a physicians' directory. Turning over the leaves he handed the book to me and pointed to a name on one of the pages. Will you believe me?—there was the name of John P. Tadcaster, and the information that he had graduated from the Medical School of the University of Susquehanna in 1884.

"'So it's of no use,' said Bowser, 'to try to hide the facts any longer;' and he laughed.

"I made up my mind then and there that I should leave Borax at the end of the week. I had supposed that there was not another John P. Tadcaster on the rolling globe, and I knew it would be useless now to try to induce the people of Borax to believe the truth.

"The next day Andrews came up to my room while I was in the midst of hard study and said there was a man downstairs who wanted to see me. I refused to be seen, but, in fact, the impudent fellow was standing behind Andrews and he pushed right into the room and shut the door behind him, locking it.

"'My wife,' he said, 'has blood pisinin' and I want you to cure her.'

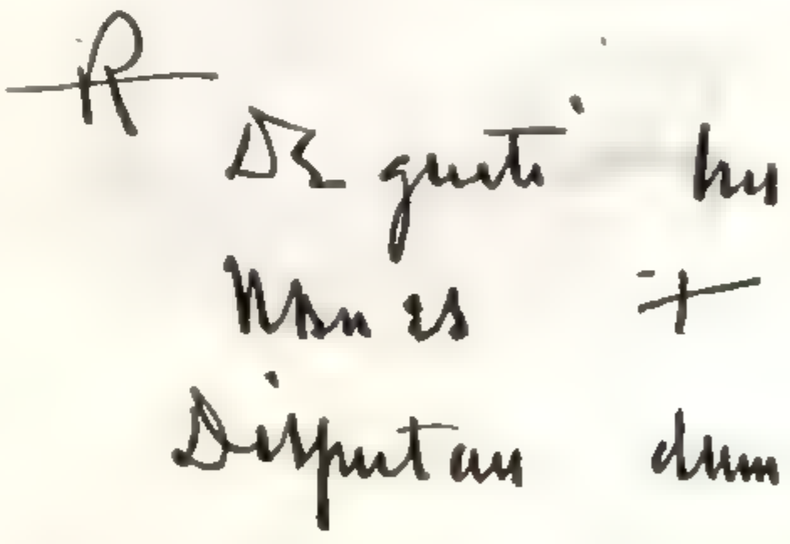
"'I wish you would go away,' I said angrily. 'Call Doctor Bowser. How dare you come into my room in this manner and tell me what you want!'

"'Never mind about no Bowser,' he answered. 'Never mind about him or no other doctor. My wife's like to die and I'll have you or nobody. I know your tricks and I'm ready for you.'

"'Tricks!' I said. 'Tricks, you villain!'

"'Well, call 'em what you've a mind to; I don't care. Only I'll stand no foolin'. You write me out a perscription and there's five dollars, and here's a pistol 'll blow your brains out ef you don't do it.' And he actually presented a revolver to my head.

'Consider, now, my friend, the situation I was in. I didn't know if the ruffian was insane. It was hardly an occasion for tranquil reflection. I took up a pen, and first writing a vigorous protest which I proposed to lodge with Andrews lest I should be prosecuted for malpractice, I dashed off the following pretended prescription and handed it to the man:



In other words, *De gustibus non est disputandum*. My handwriting is so crabbed that the thing really looked a little like a prescription. The man took it and laid upon my table five dollars which I crumpled up into a pellet and flung at his head. He went away.

"That night I went over to Perkins' drug store and found the clerk there alone.

"'Was there a man in here to-day,' I asked, 'with a prescription written by me?'

"'Yes, Doctor,' he said.

"'What did you do with it?'

"'Filled it, of course.'

"'Filled it! You didn't try to fill it, did you?'

"'Why, certainly,' said the youth, smiling. 'That's what prescriptions are for, isn't it?'

"I sat down upon a chair. I felt faint.

"'Were there any poisons in the medicine?' I asked.

"'You ought to know,' he said. 'Two or three, I think, but not enough to kill. But, anyhow, what's the odds? Mrs. McGuire is well.'

"'What Mrs. McGuire?'

"'The woman you wrote the prescription for. She is going to a picnic in the morning. Says she never felt so well in her life. McGuire says you're the doctor for his money 's long 's you stay here.'

"Well, I went back to my studies hoping that I had heard the last of this nonsense; but I might have known better.

Really it is wonderful how swiftly rumor flies in a country like that, where there are no newspapers to carry information. Within a week invalids flocked to Borax in such numbers that two more stages were put upon the line and Andrews hadn't a vacant room in his house. He began to draw plans for a new wing, and I could not move from my room without being solicited to perform a cure.

"One scoundrel, from Purgatory Springs, hobbled about after me on crutches, and insisted upon telling me that he had been crippled for twenty years and had taken tons of medicine. I evaded him for several days, but one morning he caught me as I went into the office for my mail and he asked me if I wouldn't just put my hand on his lame leg above the knee. I was born good natured, and like a fool I granted his request. A moment later he gave a howl of delight, tossed his crutches over in the corner and began to caper about the room. Then he projected himself at me with a manifest purpose to embrace me, but I dodged him, flew upstairs, and locked myself in my room.

"Do you suppose that man had really been lame? I don't know. I doubt it. I had my suspicions of Andrews at the time, but how could I prove anything?

"However, I made up my mind to leave Borax, and I notified Andrews to retain a seat in the stage for me on the following Saturday. But he did not do it. I could never find out exactly how the thing was worked, but you could see with your own eyes three stages arrive at Borax every afternoon and nobody ever saw one go away. Conspiracy, you say? Very likely. And so I sent out and tried to hire a wagon to take me away, but there was not a man in the neighborhood who would consent to perform the service for me.

"I resolved that I would leave if I had to walk, but I did dislike to make the journey on foot, over bad mountain roads, and then I could not bring myself easily to consent to abandon my trunk.

"That woman Collins and her boy still remained at the hotel, and Mrs. Collins used to look at me in a most trying manner while we sat at the table in the dining room. I couldn't make her out for a while. She looked stupid, but for all I could tell she might develop low cunning. Anyhow, I merely nodded to her as we passed, treating her with coldness, perhaps with disdain.

"On the Saturday I had arranged to leave Borax I was sitting in my room trying to learn a Spanish vocabulary when I heard a woman's screams. For a moment I was startled, but I have presence of mind, so I checked my curiosity and merely locked the door.

"For an hour or more there were hubbub and excitement downstairs, but I remained calm. Then there was a knock upon the door. I did not answer. Then I heard Doctor Bowser's voice calling me. I unlocked the door and opened it a crack.

"'Busy, are you?' asked Bowser.

"'Yes, very busy. What's the matter?'

"'Oh, nothing; nothing much. Only I thought you might care to know that poor little Geordie Collins has passed away.'

"'Dead?'

"'Dead. He dropped right over out by the pump just after eating some damson plums, and life was extinct before I could get to him.'

"'Is the boy really dead?' I asked.

"'Absolutely and conclusively dead,' said Bowser solemnly and with strong emphasis. 'I think I ought to know when a boy is dead, oughtn't I? I'm no great doctor like you, but I'm not just a mere chump. I tell you the boy breathed his last at 9 34 this very morning.'

"I am sure that I am not a cruel man, or a hard-hearted man; I am not even ungenerous; but (I am half ashamed to tell it) a feeling of deep, pure joy thrilled my soul when I learned that Geordie was beyond my reach. Under the circumstances it would have been indecent, would it not, in spite of my repugnance for his mother, if I had refrained from every manifestation of feeling? I went downstairs with Bowser, who seemed to be crying. Do I doubt that he was crying? I can hardly tell. But, anyhow, there in the parlor lay poor Geordie, cold and white and still, on the red cushion of the settee, and Mrs. Collins knelt beside him, moaning and weeping and wringing her hands. All the invalids of the hotel were in the room or at the door, and three-quarters of the people of Borax were in the office or on the porch or looking in at the windows.

"I had a shiver of misapprehension as I came into the room, but what can you do with a boy that has had his vital spark completely quenched? I went up to the sofa, and looked down upon the calm, still face, white as marble, and then I felt sorry I had had such wicked feelings about the child. My heart began to ache for the mother, too. I said to her that she must try to bear up and be patient; that Geordie was happier now than if he were with us and that he wouldn't be willing to come back to us if he could.

"Then I took the boy's hand in mine and leaned over him to kiss him.

"Imagine my feelings as I saw his eyes open. Then he sneezed twice, sat straight up on the red cushion, said 'Where's Ma?' and then flung his arms about his mother's neck.

"What would you have thought of that, my friend? Was the boy cataleptic, or had his scandalous old mother mesmerized him, or was Geordie just up to some kind of game with me, or had Bowser drugged him? I can't tell. But, no matter; there was Geordie, risen right from the dead, everybody thought, and the people—— Well, I know you won't expect me even to try to tell of the excitement that ensued. Borax was just crazy; and I felt the iron fingers of Fate closing around me. I knew I should never get away from that disgusting town unless by stealth. I was hardly safe in my room, but the locked door did protect me for a time.

"Food however is a necessity. I would not go down to dinner. I rang for it to be brought to me. Andrews brought it himself, and after depositing the tray upon the table and looking out of my window to see how the new wing would fit to the north end of the hotel, he said:

"'Doc, I have an offer for you.'

"'Andrews,' I said, 'please withdraw. I am not open to offers.'

"But you wouldn't be impolite to a lady, would you? You're not that kind of a man, unless I'm wrong in my calc'lations.'

"'To what lady do you refer?'

"'To the Widder Collins, little Geordie's ma. She has designated me to say to you that she has two good farms over in Loyalsock township, five hundred dollars in bank and a first mortgage on the new Methodist Church at Huckleberry Bend, and ef you are willin' to marry her, she's willin' and so's Geordie.'

"My friend, could you, without reflection, have framed a reply to such an extraordinary proposition? I couldn't, and so the delay gave Andrews time to remark:

"'Ef you don' mind marryin' a widder I'd advise you to take that offer. She's a woman that's calc'lated to make home happy.'

"The time had now come for action. I must fly. But how? I sat up most of the night meditating upon a plan of escape, and before morning dawned I thought I had one prepared. I had resolved to bribe one of the stage-drivers to take me away while Borax slept.

"But a better chance presented itself that very day. Doctor Bowser came over to see me about nine o'clock, and when he had made himself comfortable in the rocking-chair in my room, he cleared his throat a couple of times, and said:

"'Things are not even in this world, are they?'

"I was not willing to commit myself until I could find out what he was after, so I did not answer.

"'A country doctor,' he continued, 'has a hard life, driving here and there, miles and miles, up-hill and down-dale, night and day, and half the time getting no pay or taking his pay in poultry and horse feed. And yet here other people just have money chucked at them—fairly chucked at them.'

"'Bowser,' I asked, 'what are you driving at?'

"'Oh, well,' he said gloomily, 'it's no use of talking to you, of course; but while I can hardly get bread, no matter how much I try and no matter if I work myself to death, here's big money lying right in your hands and you won't even take the trouble to shut your fingers over it.'

"'Doctor Bowser,' I said sternly, 'I've told you over and over again that I am not a physician and that it would be wicked, simply a barefaced fraud, for me to permit these foolish people about here to think me one.'

"He looked at me wearily, his face plainly indicating that he still did not believe me; then he said:

"'Doctor or no doctor, nobody can deny that I am a doctor. I'll tell you what I'll do. You agree to work with me, and let me attend to the scientific end, while you just stand by and look on, and I'll give you two-thirds of the receipts and I'll get rich on the other third.'

"I was about to refuse this proposition upon the ground that I could not consent to become a party to a dishonorable arrangement, when he continued:

"'I've got a patient, old Mrs. Brown, over here at Scipio, that will die sure under my treatment. She's rich, too, and if we could cure her——'

"I saw at once that if I could reach Scipio in Bowser's carriage I should have a chance to get away.

"'I will visit Mrs. Brown with you,' I said.

"'You will!' shouted Bowser, jumping up with such violence that he upset the rocking chair. 'Hooray! Doctor, I knew your heart was right. When shall we go?'

"'Now,' I said.

"He went out to get his horse. I put into an envelope that I placed upon the table the sum that I owed Andrews for board; then I packed as much of my clothing as I could get into a hand bag and sat down to wait for Bowser.

"We went downstairs together, and as we passed through the office Andrews looked at me and my valise suspiciously. But Bowser explained the matter to him and he seemed much relieved. Looking around as I took my seat in the buggy I saw Mrs. Collins waving her handkerchief at me from the parlor window, while Geordie tried to climb one of the posts of the porch. I never saw a boy of his years who presented a more vigorous appearance.

"And he acted as presented a revolver to my head"

"We reached Scipio at half-past eleven o'clock and Bowser tied his horse in front of Mrs. Brown's house. J. Manderson Brown, her son, opened the door for us. He looked grave. Bowser introduced me, and Mr. Brown said in a low voice, as his countenance overspread with hopefulness.

"'Thank you, sir; I have heard much of you.'

"Of course, as you may imagine, I couldn't do an earthly thing for poor Mrs. Brown, but Bowser insisted that I must act as if I were treating her; so I gave her nine drops of paregoric in sugar and water and left sixteen quinine pills with directions that she should take one every four hours.

"The dear old lady looked gratefully at me as I stood by her bedside, and when I bade her good by she told me she felt better already. Bowser said to young Brown downstairs that he thought now the promise was distinct for recovery.

"But how should I contrive to get away from Bowser? I asked him if he would mind driving about a little bit so that I could see the town, and he said he would be glad to show Scipio to me. We drove and drove until at last I saw a drug store and, as good fortune would have it, the store was right across the street from the railway station.

"I asked Bowser to hitch his horse while I bought some medicine. We spent an hour in the drug store, but no train came, and Bowser at last proposed to start for home. I thought I heard a train coming and I went to the front door; but it was a freight train and it did not stop. Then I actually saw a passenger train approaching from the opposite direction, and I asked Bowser if he would mind going around to the grocery store and getting some crackers for me, while I looked up something in the pharmacopœia that lay upon the druggist's counter.

"Bowser went upon the errand, and no sooner had he turned the corner than I went out, took my valise from the buggy, dashed over to the station and entered a car. The train started at once, and I felt half ashamed of myself as I looked through the window and saw poor old Bowser slowly coming back to the drug store with the bundle of crackers in his hand and his head bent downward. No doubt he was thinking how rich he would be by that time next year. But you can't blame me, can you, for running away?

You would naturally think that would be the end of my story; but it isn't. Just six months afterward I was sitting in my library at home when the servant brought me a card. It had on it the name, 'J. Manderson Brown.' I was really scared. But the man had run me down. I couldn't get away. And was I to be bluffed and bulldosed in my own house? No, sir! So I went down to the parlor to see him. To my astonishment he greeted me warmly, clasping my hand and even manifesting some emotion.

"'Doctor,' he said as he resumed his seat upon the sofa, 'I owe you more than I can ever hope to tell you.'

"'Your mother, then, fully recovered?'

"'Poor mother is dead.'

"'I am very sorry!' I said. 'But what, then, is the——?'

"'I will explain. Your medicine acted like magic. Her system responded instantly to your treatment, and in less than a week she was about the house and as well as she had ever been. In fact, better; she really seemed to have renewed her youth. She ascribed it all to you, and words cannot convey a notion of her gratitude. She longed to see you and tell you what her feeling for you was. But, alas! three or four months later another malady assailed her, and as you had disappeared in a mysterious manner, leaving no traces of your whereabouts, she did not have proper treatment from that man Bowser, and so she died.'

"'You wrong poor Bowser,' I said.

"'No, he means well, but he is dull; while you! Oh, well, you simply have genius—wonderful, wonderful genius!'

"'And now,' continued Brown, 'my mother was a woman whose gratitude never expressed itself in barren language. She rewrote her will after her life was saved by you and she left you twenty thousand dollars. I have it with me, here;' and Brown presented a swollen wallet.

"'I won't take a dollar of it,' I said calmly.

"'What!' he exclaimed, as the blood flushed his face.

"'I should be a swindler if I took your mother's money,' I said. 'I am no physician and I never did her a particle of good. It was all humbug.'

"The man seemed stunned for a moment. Then he got up and walked about. Resuming his seat he said:

"'You must take this money.'

"'I won't do it.'

"Will you believe me?—there was the name of John P. Tadcaster"

(Concluded on Page 18)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶What we need now is a wireless political convention. Inventors will please get busy.

¶If President Roosevelt keeps on resolutely patching he will yet be able to make his second-hand Cabinet look like new.

¶If Europe shudders and is afraid at the sight of our infant industries, what will be its state of mind when the industries have grown up?

¶The British War Office realizes that it must supply false teeth for the soldiers in South Africa. This, in Western parlance, is a striking admission that the British Army has bit off more than it can chew

¶That the American invasion has not invaded everything, and that Germany is a rapidly growing commercial power, are facts shown by a Consular report from Liberia—a country which, founded as it was, and by an American Colonization Society, should have closer relations with the United States than with any other nation. The report states that of thirty-one steamers which, within a month, had touched at Monrovia, the capital and port of Liberia, fifteen were German, fourteen English, one Belgian, and one Spanish.

How England Controls Corporations

IN ANY national legislation to check the evils of speculative promotion of over-capitalized industrial companies, the new English Companies Act of the last Victorian Parliament will probably be the model for our lawmakers. The framing of a very rigid law for the protection of investors has been forced in England by the popular outcry over the severe losses in recent financial bubbles. The new Companies Act was the direct result of the exploits of Hooley

Publicity is the basis of the new English law. Publicity it is that Mr. Roosevelt urges so strongly in his recommendations to Congress. The President has exploded the theory of certain eminent Wall Street financiers that the trustees of a national industry have no knowledge that the public ought to share.

Industrial combinations in the United States have been forming so rapidly as to alarm the world, but the whole trend of American legislation for their control was backward up to the time of the Roosevelt Corporation Act of 1900. The corporation laws of New York, for example, were so amended, from year to year, that less and less publicity was required, and when Colonel Roosevelt became Governor practically all publicity could be avoided. In other States it has been much the same, except that some commonwealths, like West Virginia and Delaware, have put a premium on wildcat promoting.

All through the English Companies Act runs the question "How much does the promoter get out of it?" All the top heavy industrials and fraudulent company schemes of the past few years owe their existence to laws which allow the promoter to take out all that he can lay hands on. The laws of New York, Delaware and West Virginia permit stock to be issued for "services" Mr. James B Dill told the United States Industrial Commission that a company with a capital of $100,000,000 had given $10,000,000 to promoters for bringing together sixteen small properties that had not been earning two per cent. A prominent financier acknowledged that he had received $10,000,000 for organizing a certain great industrial company.

Millions upon millions of dollars have been given to promoters, on the theory that it costs nothing to give away "water"—that is, common stock. This scrip does not cost much to print, and a company can give $10,000,000 of it to a promoter as easily as $10,000.

The English law now compels a disclosure of the promoter's profits. It requires that the prospectus of a new company shall state: (1) How many shares are to be issued for other than a cash consideration. (2) The amount of money to be paid any promoter. (3) The amount to be paid in commissions for selling stock. (4) The amount to be paid to the directors.

The company must file with the registrar copies of all contracts by which stock is issued otherwise than for cash, and any person may obtain copies of these contracts by paying a small fee to the Government. As soon as the company is organized a full statement of these gifts of stock must be sent to every shareholder, and at the end of each year a similar report must be made to the Government. Any officer who makes a false report may be fined and sentenced to two years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Any company which does not make these reports can be "wound up," as they say in England. Should our own laws make the same provision, no American company will have the right to disburse $50,000,000 or so a year in dividends without disclosing the source of a cent of its income.

Within a year there have been floated in this country hundreds of industrial bubbles whose existence would never have been thought of had we a law like England's. Under that law each prospectus must state the minimum subscription upon which the directors will proceed to allot stock, and unless this amount be subscribed within forty days all money received for stock must be returned. No record can be found of an American bubble-blower returning money to his dupes.

When the capital of an English company has been subscribed the company must hold a meeting, at which the subscribers are entitled to all the facts in the hands of the directors. A week before this meeting a statement must be sent to each shareholder of (1) The total number of shares allotted, with particulars as to the shares not paid for in cash. (2) The receipts and payments on the capital account (3) The total cash received by the company. Not one company in ten recently organized under the laws of West Virginia or Delaware could face such a meeting

These are the essential provisions of the English Companies Act which many hope will form the basis of a new Federal law.

—F. H. FAYANT.

A crank justifies himself by the old plea that a crank turns something. We should gladly accept this if he would only quit turning up.

A Substitute for World's Fairs

THE first international exposition was a brilliant conception, but it is time to think of something new. When the World's Fair idea was comparatively fresh, the Centennial habit took hold of us in 1876. Since then, the two together have reduced us to apparently hopeless bondage. Centennials are coming on all the time, and we seem to be able to think of no way of celebrating them but by holding World's Fairs.

Last year Buffalo had her Pan-American Exposition, to mark her hundredth birthday. Next year St. Louis is to celebrate the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase. Portland has already spoken for an exposition in 1905 to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition. In the natural course of events we may expect fairs to mark the following anniversaries among others:

An anniversary at Richmond, in 1907, for the third centennial of the first settlement of Virginia, at Jamestown.

One at Quebec, in 1908, for the third centennial of the foundation of Canada by Champlain.

One at New York, in 1909, for the third centennial of the discovery of Manhattan and the Hudson River by Hendrik Hudson

One at St. Augustine, in 1913, for the fourth centennial of the discovery and naming of Florida by Ponce de Leon.

One at Richmond, in 1919, for the third centennial of the establishment in Virginia of the first American Parliament.

Two at Boston; the first in 1920, for the third centennial of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and the second in 1928, for the third centennial of the foundation of the Massachusetts Colony at Salem

One at Savannah, in 1933, for the second centennial of the settlement of Georgia.

One at Baltimore, in 1934, for the third centennial of the foundation of Maryland

One at Hartford, in 1935, for the third centennial of the settlement of Connecticut

One at Providence, in 1936, for the third centennial of the plantation of Rhode Island.

One at Galveston, Houston or Austin, Texas, either in 1936, for the first centennial of the independence of Texas, or in 1945, for the first centennial of its annexation to the United States

One in 1948, at San Francisco, for the first centennial of the discovery of gold in California, and of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which the United States acquired most of its far Western possessions.

One in 1963, at Charleston, for the third centennial of the colonization of the Carolinas.

One in 1965, at Newark, for the third centennial of the settlement of New Jersey

One in 1967, at Sitka, Juneau or Nome, one of which may be expected to be a great metropolis by that time, for the first centennial of the acquisition of Alaska.

This will bring us back to the Revolutionary centennials and the whole round will have to be gone over again Certainly there must be fame, if not fortune, for the genius who can devise some new way of celebrating these occasions—something as novel as a World's Fair was fifty years ago, and not so easily worn out.

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

Borrow umbrellas while the sun shines.

Insomnia the Price of Reform

WHENEVER a city election has turned out "the old gang" and put in honest men, most of us, because we are so used to considering corruption and bribery as the root of all municipal bad government, are inclined to sink back comfortably with a feeling that reform is accomplished and good government secured. The past year has a splendid record, and he would be a poor American who was not proud of what has been done. But has the millennium really come when neither aldermen nor common councilors any longer feather their nests? Can one be sure that the great corporations will not have valuable franchises handed over to them without their making any adequate return? Is it likely that our streets will be ruled by street railway, telephone and telegraph companies in any less high-handed a way?

It is unlikely that there are many people in America who take an interest in the local politics of the British capital; yet some recent events in London are perhaps not wholly without bearing on our own problems. The Middlesex County Council has lately given the right to build and operate tramways in the greater part of its immense territory to a tramway company whose service, so far as it has already been put into operation, is inefficient and expensive. The newspapers cry loudly that London has been "betrayed." Certainly enormously valuable rights have been given for little or nothing in return. London on its outer fringe grows as fast as any American city, and the northern suburbs, over which the Middlesex County Council has jurisdiction, will support within a few years a great system of street railways, which will pay enormous dividends to their fortunate owners. London has been "betrayed" without doubt. But why?

It is a curious fact that in England one almost never hears so much as the faintest suggestion of corruption or bribery in municipal politics. Perhaps it exists, but in that case it is strange that it is never hinted at. If ever a country bristled with reformers it is England. Besides politicians of recognized standing it is full of people of elegant leisure who love nothing so much as denouncing abuses in the newspapers, and people of nothing but leisure whom you may hear any Sunday in the parks attacking every British institution. It is probably fair to assume that the Middlesex County Councilors got no money out of the transaction. What did they hope to get, then? Peace, most probably. It is so much easier to make an arrangement which pleases the street railway company than it is to fight it. There was in the case of the Middlesex men another terrible alternative. On the Surrey side of the Thames the London County Council itself operates the tramways, serving the public well, and making profits which allow it to reduce considerably the tax levy it asks for. Were the Middlesex men to be expected to add to their duties those of tramway owners as well? They did the easy, the slack, and the careless thing, but it would scarcely be fair to call them dishonest

We must not forget in America that we must have honesty plus efficiency in our city officials. The lesson of eternal vigilance is the lesson we have always found hardest to learn. Whole communities rise in a splendid rage and drive out corrupt city governments, and in five or ten years discover that, while no one noticed, the original state of affairs has come back. Voters in our cities really cannot afford to sleep at all.

—H. G. RHODES.

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

By Hamlin Garland

Author of The Eagle's Heart

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The Tetongs prepare to receive the Sheriff's Deputies

SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER

CURTIS calmly folded the paper, nodded and smiled his thanks to Red Wolf, and then, lifting his hand, he signed to the policeman, in the face of all the dancers

"Go back and tell Wilson to issue just the same amount of flour this week that he did last and that Red Wolf wants ten plows for his people. You need not go till morning." Then turning to Red Wolf he said: "Go on with the dance; my friends are much pleased."

The tension instantly gave way, every one being deceived except Jennie, who understood the situation and tried to help on the deception, though her round face was plainly less merry

Elsie as she ceased to wonder concerning the forms and regulations of the dance, grew absorbed in the harsh clashing of colors—the gleam of round and polished limbs, and the lightness of the small and beautifully modeled feet—but most of all she was moved by the aloofness of expression on many of the faces. For the most part they seemed to dream—to revisit the past—especially the old men. Their faces were pensive—singularly so—and mentally the girl said "I must paint my next portrait like that—an old man dreaming of the old time. I wonder if they were happy—happier than civilization can make them," and thoughts came to her which shook her confidence in the civilized scheme What was the world for except to give joy? The materials necessary for happiness were not necessarily complicated—they were simple

As they took their seats from time to time the older men smoked their long pipes, and the young men chatted, rolling their cigarettes. To them the past was a child's recollection, not the irrevocable dream of age. They were the links between the old and the new.

As they walked back to camp Jennie took her brother's arm

"What is it, George?"

"I must return to the Agency

"That means we must all go."

"I suppose so. The settlers seem determined to make trouble. They have had another row with Grayman's band, and shots have been fired. Fortunately no one was hurt. We must leave here early. Say nothing to any of our guests till we are safely on the way home."

Elsie, walking with Lawson, was very pensive. "I begin to understand why Captain Curtis was made Indian Agent He understands these people, sympathizes with them.'

"No one better, and if the Department can retain him six years he will have the Tetongs comfortably housed and on the road to independence and self respect."

"Why shouldn't he be retained?"

"Well, your father may secure an election as United States Senator next winter."

"I know," she softly answered; "he doesn't like Captain Curtis.

"More than that: in order to be elected he must pledge himself to have Curtis put out of the way."

"That sounds like murder," she said

He gave her arm a little squeeze. "Oh! no, it's only politics—politics and business. But let's not talk of that; let us enjoy the night. Did you like the dance?"

"Very much. I am hopeless of ever painting it, though—it is so full of big, significant shadows. I wish I knew more about it"

"You are less confident than you were last year."

I see more

"And feel more?" he asked

"Yes—I'm afraid I'm getting Captain Curtis' point of view These people aren't the mendicants they seemed The expression of those faces to-night was wonderful."

"I wish you'd come to my point of view," he said.

"About what?"

"About our momentous day. Suppose we say Wednesday of Thanksgiving week?"

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14.

"I thought you were going to wait for me to speak next," she replied

He caught his breath a little. "So I was You won't forget my ring, will you?'

"I don't think I shall—not with your broad daily hints to remind me."

He was oblivious of her sarcasm It would be rather curious if I *should* become increasingly impatient, wouldn't it? I made that promise in entire good faith, but—I seem to be changing."

At this moment they came close to the Parkers and she did not reply. He had given her another disturbing thought, and that was: "Would it hurt him very much if I should return his ring?"

Mrs Parker was disposed to discuss the dance, but Jennie said

"We must all go to sleep. George says we are to move early to-morrow

The walls of the tent could hardly be seen when the sound of the crackling flames again told that faithful Two Horns was building the camp fire Crane's Voice could be heard speaking to the horses and in a few moments the Captain called out in a low, incisive voice

"Everybody turn out; we must make an early start across the range

The morning was gray the peaks hidden in clouds and the wind chill as the women came from their tent. Lawson and Curtis had stretched some blankets to keep off the blast, but Elsie shivered. Curtis roundly apologized. "I'm sorry to get you up so early. It spoils all the fun of camping to rise before the sun. An hour from now and all will be genial Please wait for my explanation of the sudden change in our plans

Breakfast was eaten in comparative silence, though Parker cut a few capers as awkward as the springtime antics of a sand-hill crane in the attempt to scatter the gloom. Almost before the smoke of the teepee fires began to climb the trees the Agent and his party started back over the divide toward the mill, no one in holiday mood

Once out of sight of the camp Curtis turned and said "Friends, I'm sorrier than I can say, but I must return to the Agency to-night, and I think I must take you all with me Wilson has asked me to return, and of course he would not do so without good reason. Now I'm going to drive hard and you must all hang on. I want to pull into the Agency before dark

The wagon lurched and rattled down the divide as Curtis urged the horses steadily forward. With his foot on the brake he repassed in fifty minutes the road which had consumed four long hours to climb. Conversation under these conditions was difficult and at times impossible

By eleven o'clock not even Curtis and Lawson together could make the ride a joke. The women were hungry and tired, and distinctly saddened by this sudden ending of their joyous outing

"I wish these rampant cowboys could have waited till we had finished our holiday," Jennie grumbled as she stretched her tired arms.

"Probably they were informed of the Captain's plans and seized the opportunity," suggested Parker.

"I wonder if Cal is the traitor?" mused Jennie

Two Horns and Crane's Voice came rattling along soon after Curtis stopped, which was at their first camping-place, and in a few minutes luncheon was ready. Conversation still lagged in spite of coffee, and the women lay out on their rugs, resting their aching bones, while the men smoked and speculated on the outcome of the whole cattle question.

The teams were put to the wagons as soon as their oats were eaten, and the homeward drive was begun, brisk and businesslike. For the most part Curtis kept silence, brooding over some difficult question

It was mid afternoon when the Agency was sighted, and the five o'clock bell had just rung as they drove slowly and with no appearance of haste into the yard

Wilson came out to meet them. "Howdy-do? You made a short trip!"

"How are things?" inquired Curtis.

"Nothing doing—all quiet," replied the clerk, but Curtis read another message in the quiver of Wilson's eyelid

"Well, I'm glad we got in," said Lawson. "I am tired Are you dead, Elsie Bee Bee?"

"Almost," she admitted as she permitted him to help her to the ground "I'm desperately hungry

"So am I," said Jennie. "And the worst of it is, I'm cook

That night, as Lawson and Elsie walked across the square in the brilliant moonlight, he announced meditatively

"I'm going to be more and more impatient—that is now certain

"Osborne, don't! Please don't take that tone; I don't like it."

"Why not—dear?" he asked tenderly

"Because—because!" She turned in a swift, overmastering impulse. "Because I must give you back your ring."

As she crowded the gem into his lax hand he said: "Why—what does this mean, Elsie Bee Bee?" His voice expressed pain and bewilderment

"I don't know *what* it means yet—only I feel that it isn't right now to wear your ring. I told you when you put it on that it implied no promise on my part."

"I know it, and it doesn't imply anything now

"Yes, it does. Your whole attitude toward me implies an absolute engagement, and I can't rest under that. Take it back till I can receive it as other girls do—as a binding pledge. You must do this or I will hate you," she added with a sudden fury

"Why, certainly, dearest—only I don't see what has produced this change in you."

"I have not changed—*you* have changed"

He laughed at this. "The woman's last word! Well, I admit it—I am coming to love you as a man loves the woman he wants for a wife. I'm going to care a great deal if you do not take my ring sometime

"Don't say that!" she cried, and there was an imploring accent in her voice. "Don't you see I must not wear your ring now—till I can promise all you ask?"

They walked on in silence to the door. As they stood there he said: "I feel as though I were about to say good-by to you forever, and it makes my heart ache."

She put both hands on his shoulders, then, swift as a bird, turned and was gone. He felt that she had thought to kiss him, but he divined it would have been a farewell kiss and he was glad that she had turned away. There was still hope for him in that indecision

EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER

THE next day was Sunday, hot and dry, and the little crawling creek which watered the Agency fairly boiled The foothills were already burned dry, and the cattle and ponies came down to their drinking-places unnaturally thirsty, and wallowing in the mud seemed at times almost to stop its flow. The wind had shifted to the southeast and carried no breath of coolness

The timid trees which Curtis had planted around the schoolhouse and office were plainly suffering from lack of moisture, and the little gardens which the Indians had once more been induced to plant were in sore distress. Their owners again muttered, with a smile which was full of meaning: "No rain on Injuns' land."

The torrid sun beat down into the valley from the unclouded sky so fiercely that the idle young men of the Reservation postponed their horse-racing till after sunset, and this indicated extreme heat. Curtis felt the sun very keenly on his guests' account and was irritated over the assaults of the cattlemen. "If they had but kept the peace we should be in the cool, sweet hills," he said to Lawson

"This will not last," Lawson replied. "We'll get a mountain wind to-night. The girls are wisely keeping within doors and so are not exposed to the torrid air."

The two men were seated in the private office, smoking their cigars leisurely and talking desultorily when Wilson, the clerk, came to the door and said: "Captain, old Joe Streeter and a man named Jenks are here and want to see you."

"Very well. Ask them to step in" As Wilson turned away Curtis added: "More stolen cattle to be charged up to the Indians, I suppose."

"I reckon some such complaint They are mighty glum and insist on seeing you alone."

Lawson rose to go, but Curtis said "Don't go."

The ranchers met the Agent darkly

"We want a word in private, Major," said Jenks, a tall man of most portentous gravity.

"Mr. Lawson is discreet," replied Curtis. "What can I do for you?"

Jenks looked at Streeter—Streeter nodded "Go ahead, Hank"

Jenks leaned over and said in a low voice: "Your Injuns have murdered one o' my herders."

"I don't believe it," said Curtis. "What makes you think so?"

"He disappeared more than a week ago and no one has heard of him since. I know he's killed and your Injuns done it"

"Wait a moment," interrupted Curtis sharply. "Who was he?"

"His name was Ed Connors. He was herdin' my sheep."

"Are you a sheepman?"

"I am."

"Where do you live?"

"My sheep ranch is over on Horned Toad Creek."

"Where was this man when he disappeared?"

Jenks grew a little uneasy. "He was camped by the Mud Spring."

Curtis rose and called Wilson in. "Wilson, where is the Mud Spring."

"Just on our west line."

"I thought so," replied Curtis. "Your sheep were feeding on the Reservation. What makes you think this man was murdered?"

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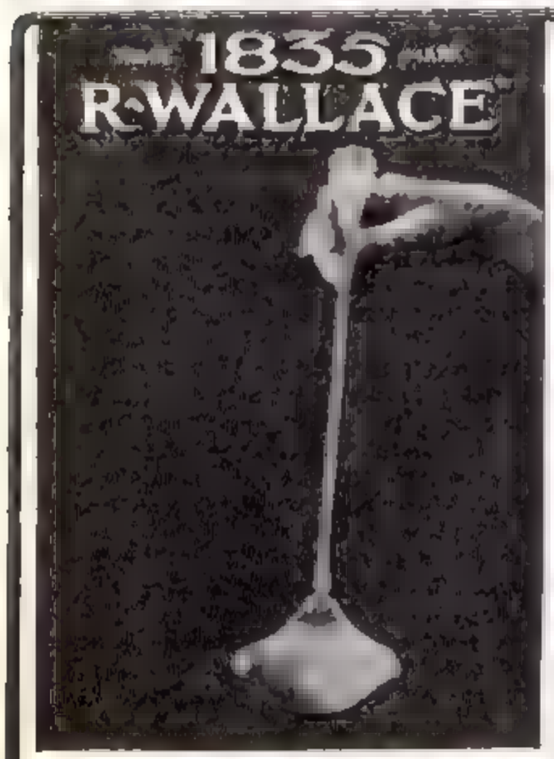

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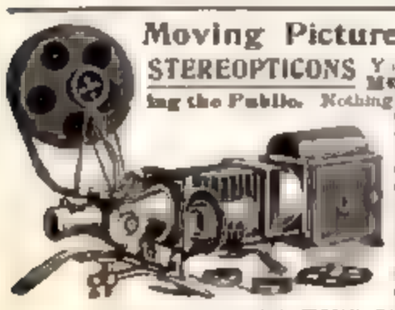

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"Because him and the dog disappeared together and hain't neither of 'em been seen since."

"How long ago was this?"

"Just a week to-morrow."

"Have you made a search for him? Have you studied the ground closely?"

Streeter interrupted. "We've done all that could be done in that line. Ed told Cal about two weeks ago that he had been shot at twice and expected to kill or get killed before the summer was over. There isn't a particle of doubt in my mind but he's killed, and the thing for you to do is to make a demand——"

"I am not in need of instructions as to my duty," said Curtis. "Wilson, who is over from the West Fork?"

"Old Crawling Elk himself."

"Good; send him in. I shall take all means to help you find this herder," Curtis said to the ranchers. "Murder is a serious charge to make without ample reason."

Crawling Elk, smiling and dignified, entered the door and stood for a moment searching the countenances of the white men. His face grew grave as the swift signs of his Agent told the story of the disappearance of the herder.

"I am sorry; it is bad," he said.

"Now, Elk, I want you to call together five or six of your best trailers and go with these men to the place where the herder was last seen and see if you cannot find some trace of him." Then turning to Streeter he said: "You know Elk. He is the one chief against whom you can have no enmity. If that man is murdered his body will be found. Until you have more proof of his death I must ask you to give my people the benefit of the doubt. Good-day, gentlemen."

"Now, Elk," signed Curtis, "say nothing to any one but your young men and the captain of police, whom I will send with you to bring me word."

After they had all ridden away Curtis turned to Wilson and said: "I didn't suppose I should live to see a sheepman and a cattleman riding together in this amicable fashion."

"Oh, they'll unite against the Indian all right."

Two days later Crawling Elk brought word that no trace of the man could be found. "The grass is very dry," he explained, "and the trail is old. We can discover nothing but some horses' hoof-marks."

"Keep searching till every foot of land is covered," commanded Curtis.

The next day, just after the bell had called the people to resume work at one o'clock, Crow, the police captain, came riding into the yard. His pony was covered with ridges of dried sweat, and though his face was impassive his eyes glittered as he lifted his hand and signed his message:

"The white man's body is found!"

"Where?"

"On the high ground near the spring. He has three bullet-holes in him. Three cartridge shells were found where the horses' hoof-marks were. The ones who shot dismounted there and fired over a little knoll. There are many white men over there now; they are all armed and very angry. They are coming."

"Stop!" commanded Curtis. "Come in here!" Once within the office Curtis drew from the man all he knew. He was just in the midst of a reexamination when Wilson opened the door and said quietly:

"Major, step here a moment."

As Curtis stood in the door he could not restrain a smile even though a keen chill went to his heart. Nothing could exceed the sudden change which had swept over the Agency. When he entered the office ten minutes before his ears were filled with the clink-clank of the blacksmiths' hammers, the shouts of drivers, and the low laughter of young women on their way to the store. He had seen Crane's Voice hitching up his team, and Lost Legs and Turkey Tail were climbing to the roof of the warehouse with pots of red paint. Peter Wolf had been mending a mowing-machine and his brother Robert had been cutting wood behind the Agency kitchen.

All about there had been groups of young Indians smoking cigarettes in the shade of the buildings, and a crowd of nearly twenty had been watching a game of duck-on-the-rock.

Now, as he looked over the yards, not a red man could be seen at his work. He understood this panic. The settlers had long threatened war—now the pretext had come and the sound of guns was about to begin.

"Wilson," said Curtis calmly, "if the settlers fire a shot we'll be wiped out. See Crane's Voice if you can find him, and send

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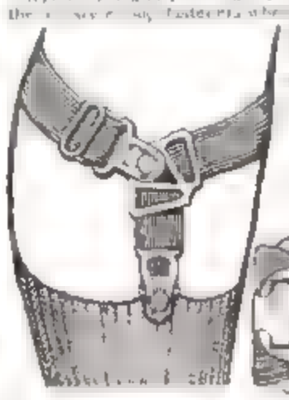

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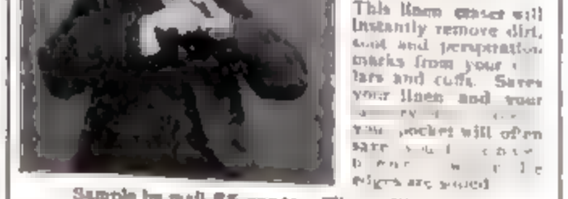

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him to me." He turned to Wolf Robe and signed.

Go tell your people I will not let the cowboys hurt them. Hurry! Call them all back. Tell them to go to work. I will send for the soldiers, if necessary, to keep the white man away. There is no danger."

Wolf Robe, a brave and loyal officer, hastened to carry out his orders. The call for "assembly" was rung on the signal bell and a few responded. To them Curtis spoke reassuringly, but his words were belied by Thomas Big Voice, the official interpreter, who was so scared his knees shook.

Curtis sent Wilson to quiet the teachers and went immediately to the studio, where Elsie was at work painting a portrait of old Chief Elk. The old man sprang to his feet the instant he caught sight of his Agent's face.

"Friend, what is the matter?" he asked.

Elsie Curtis said: "Do not be alarmed. There is no danger," he signed to Elk. "The white man's body has been found near the spring. He was shot by two men with horses. The white men are coming to see me about it, but there is no need of alarm. Tell your people to go quietly to their homes. I will protect them."

The old chief's face grew sterner as he flung his blanket over his arm. "I go to see," he said. "The white men are angry."

"Wait!" called Curtis. "Keep your people quiet right where they are. You must help me. I depend on you. You must not alarm them. Call in all your young men."

Lawson entered the door hurriedly. "Curtis, you are needed. Howling Wolf reports two bodies of armed men riding up the valley. The dust of their horses' hoofs can be seen from the door. There are at least twenty men in the two squads."

Curtis turned on Elsie a look which went to her heart, and his voice was low as he said: "I beg you will not be alarmed. Let me take you over to Jennie."

As they walked across to the Agency cottage Elsie murmured: "What can they do?" Her face was untouched of anxiety. It was plain she did not comprehend the seriousness of the situation.

"I don't think [illegible] anything here, but they may attempt to go into the hills to arrest some one—a violence which will rouse the red men to retaliation for past wrongs." At the door he said: "I think you would better remain with Jennie till I discover the purpose of the strangers. I will let you know if any danger threatens."

By the time Curtis and Lawson reached the gate before the office several of the horsemen had dismounted and were waiting the Agent's coming. All were deeply excited. Streeter and Johnson and the man Jenks were in the crowd, and Streeter introduced a short, sullen-faced man as "Sheriff Winters, of Piñon County."

"What name?" said Curtis as he shook hands pleasantly.

"Sheriff Winters," repeated Streeter.

"What is the meaning of this invasion of the Reservation, sir?" queried Curtis.

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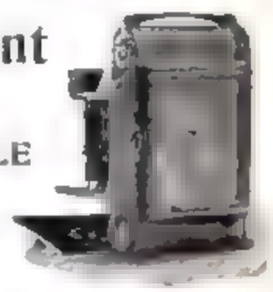

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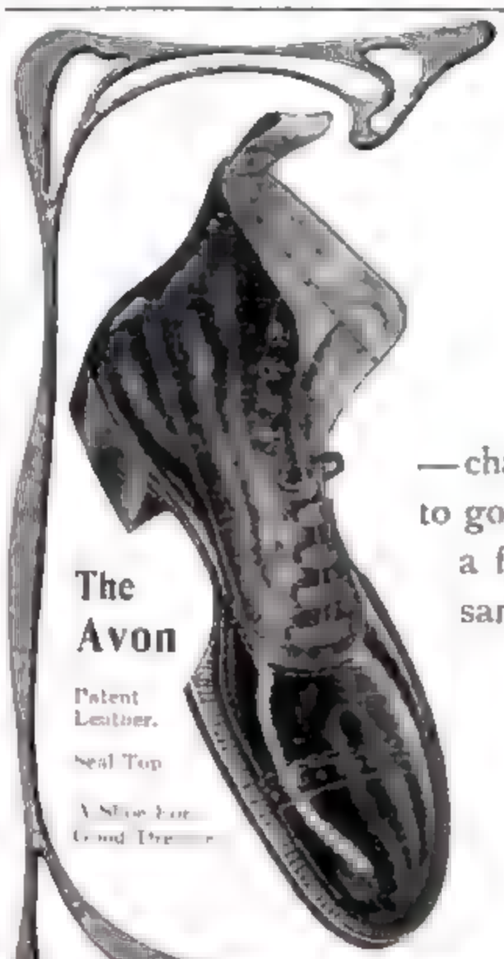

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A professional man of some wealth and considerable size recently determined to take out an additional life insurance policy, but at the outstart was told by the agent that he was not a "good risk."

"Why," said the corpulent gentleman, "What's the matter? I am in good health, no aches or pains, nothing the matter with me. Why, I eat three hearty meals and several lunches every day."

"That's just the trouble," said the insurance man; "you are not careful about what you eat; you are much too stout." "My friend," said the agent, "you eat too much starchy food—too much 'white' bread, for instance. Starchy foods produce fat—or rather, they make stout people still stouter. On thin people starch acts the other way—keeps them thin by ruining their digestion.

"'White' bread" the agent continued, "causes more corpulency than any other edible I know of. The wheat grain does not naturally make 'white' flour since the principal part of the wheat berry—in fact, all the most nutritive element—is of a dark color, and 'white' flour is 'white' simply because this nutritive part has been removed in milling."

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"We have come for the Injuns that killed Ed Connors. We are a committee appointed by a convention of three hundred citizens."

"Do you know who committed the murder?"

"No—but we know it was an Injun."

"How do you know it?" They hesitated. "Have you a warrant?"

"No, but we——"

"Then I deny your right to be here. Your coming is an armed invasion of this Reservation. Order these men to retire at once. They are a menace to the peace."

At this command a mutter of rage ran over the mob and one or two pistols were jerked from their holsters.

The Sheriff shook his hand in warning to his followers, and explained: "These are my deppyties."

"That makes no difference. You are here without a warrant and if you had it you could not serve it. Retire to the boundary of the Reservation and I will use every effort to discover the murderer. If he is in the tribe I will find him." Curtis now assumed a tone of respect and confidence. "Mr. Winters, you are here as a representative of the law. I call upon you, as Sheriff, to dispose of these men who are here without warrant."

The Sheriff, after attempting to silence his men, petulantly replied: "If I hadn't come you'd 'a' had a mob of two hundred armed men instead of a posse of ten. I had hard work to keep 'em back. I swore in these ten men as my deppyties. This second crowd I don't know anything about."

Curtis knew this was a lie. Nevertheless he determined to use the Sheriff along these lines.

"In that case I shall act." Addressing the leader of the second party he said: "The Sheriff is the representative of the county; you are an unlawful mob, and I command you to leave the Reservation, which is Federal territory and under my command."

"By——! We'll see whether the people of this State have any rights or not. We won't allow you to shield your murdering redskins under such a plea."

Curtis turned to the Sheriff. "Officer, do your duty! Disperse this mob! I shall hold you responsible for any violence."

The Sheriff turned on the crowd. "Get out o' this, boys. You're twisting me all up and doing no good. Vamoose now! I've got all the help I need."

While the Sheriff and his deputies pressed the mob to withdraw, Lawson touched Curtis on the arm and pointed to the crests of the hills. On every smooth peak a mounted Tetong stood, silent and motionless as a figure on a monument, watching the dispute going on before the gate, alert to every movement.

"Behind every hill armed young warriors are riding," said Lawson quietly. "By sundown every man and boy will be warned and ready for battle. Our rancher friends are likely to regret hasty action."

The mob of cattlemen retreated, slowly and with many fierce oaths—the Sheriff arguing his ability to settle the matter with his posse.

Having seen the horsemen ride away Jennie and Elsie came across the road, chattering with excitement. "Tell us all about it! Have they gone?"

"Not entirely. There were two parties, one the Sheriff of Piñon County and his deputies. The other was a lynching party. I have persuaded the Sheriff to drive away the mob," answered Curtis, adding: "The Sheriff's party is only a shade better than the mob."

Lawson smiled as he pointed out the heads of hidden employees peering cautiously over roofs and around corners. "Not one has retained his hat," he said. "If the danger sharpens, off will come their shirts and trousers, and these belligerent white men will find themselves contending with three hundred of the best fighters in the world."

"We must temporize," said Curtis. "A single shot now would be disaster." He checked himself there, but Lawson understood the situation as well as he.

Elsie was not yet satisfied. "Has the Sheriff come for some one in particular?"

"No, he hasn't even a clue to the murderer."

"What ought he to do?"

"He should go home. It is my business as Agent to make the arrest, but I have only a half-dozen police and I dare not attempt to force him and his party to leave."

"The whole situation is this," said Lawson. "They've made this inquest the occasion for bringing all the hot-headed fools of the county together to make a bluff which they think will intimidate the Indians. Here they come again!" he said bitterly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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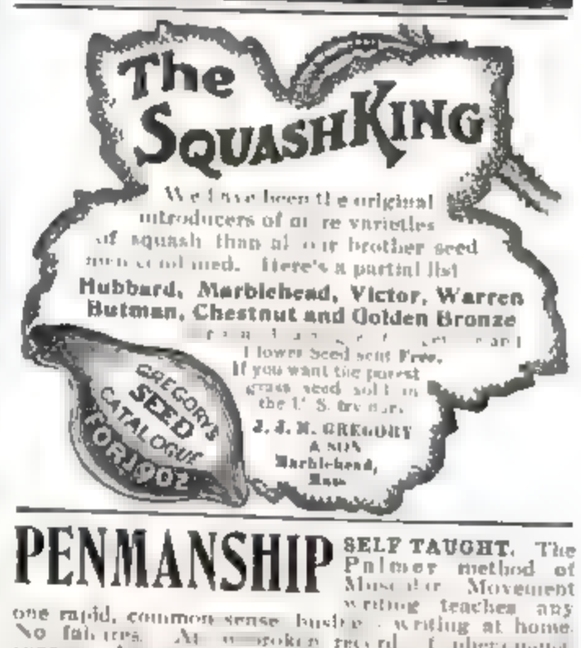

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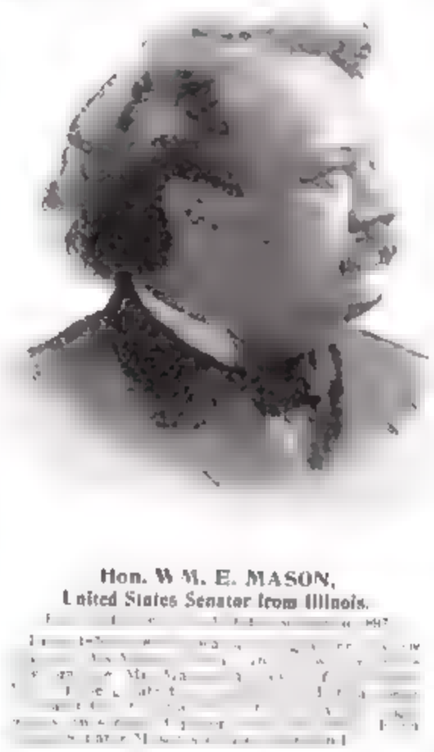

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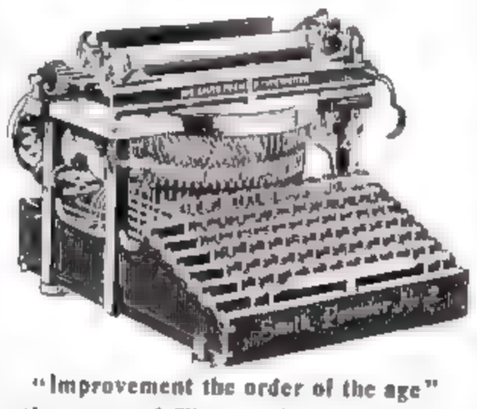

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Men & Women of the Hour

The Police Head of New York

COLONEL JOHN N. PARTRIDGE, the newly installed head of the Police Department of New York City, is tall, frank and military in bearing, with white hair and mustache, and dark blue eyes at once searching and kindly.

He conveys the impression of a man whose friendship would carry justice but not partiality. During his official service as Police Commissioner of Brooklyn wives and mothers of delinquent policemen would come to him and tearfully beg him to be kind to those accused. "I am not the one who is unkind to them," would be his answer; "they have been unkind to themselves—and to you."

In speaking to several reporters in his office he said: "Gentlemen, you have made things hard for me; you have put me on a pedestal. If I tumble some one is going to get hurt, so I think you had better help me to stay there. But one thing is certain, you will see no sweeping changes in a day, and January 2 will see New York as it was on January 1. Reform is not made overnight, though resolutions may be."

A politician spoke to him of his great deliberation in making appointments. "Of course I am slow," he retorted, "for I want my men matched and of a kind. If two horses and a mule are hitched to a canal-boat the mule is always put in the middle, for of its own foolishness it would run into the water if hitched on the outside. I want all horses and of the same metal, so that they may be relied upon no matter how they are hitched."

Colonel Partridge's career has been a busy one, including nearly three years' service in the army in his boyhood.

A friend under strong business pressure once asked him: "What is the best thing for a man to take to keep up his strength under this kind of thing?"

"Sleep," was the laconic reply. "Sleep and stay away from dinners. If the strain has been unusually great take an extra hour of sleep. That is a tonic that neither doctor nor distiller has ever yet equaled."

The Race to the Swift

Archbishop Mann
(with a terrapin)

DR. CAMERON MANN, the new Archbishop of North Dakota, is extremely athletic. His serious calling has never forced him into forgetfulness of the delights of a brisk walk, a turn at tennis or the fascinations of golf.

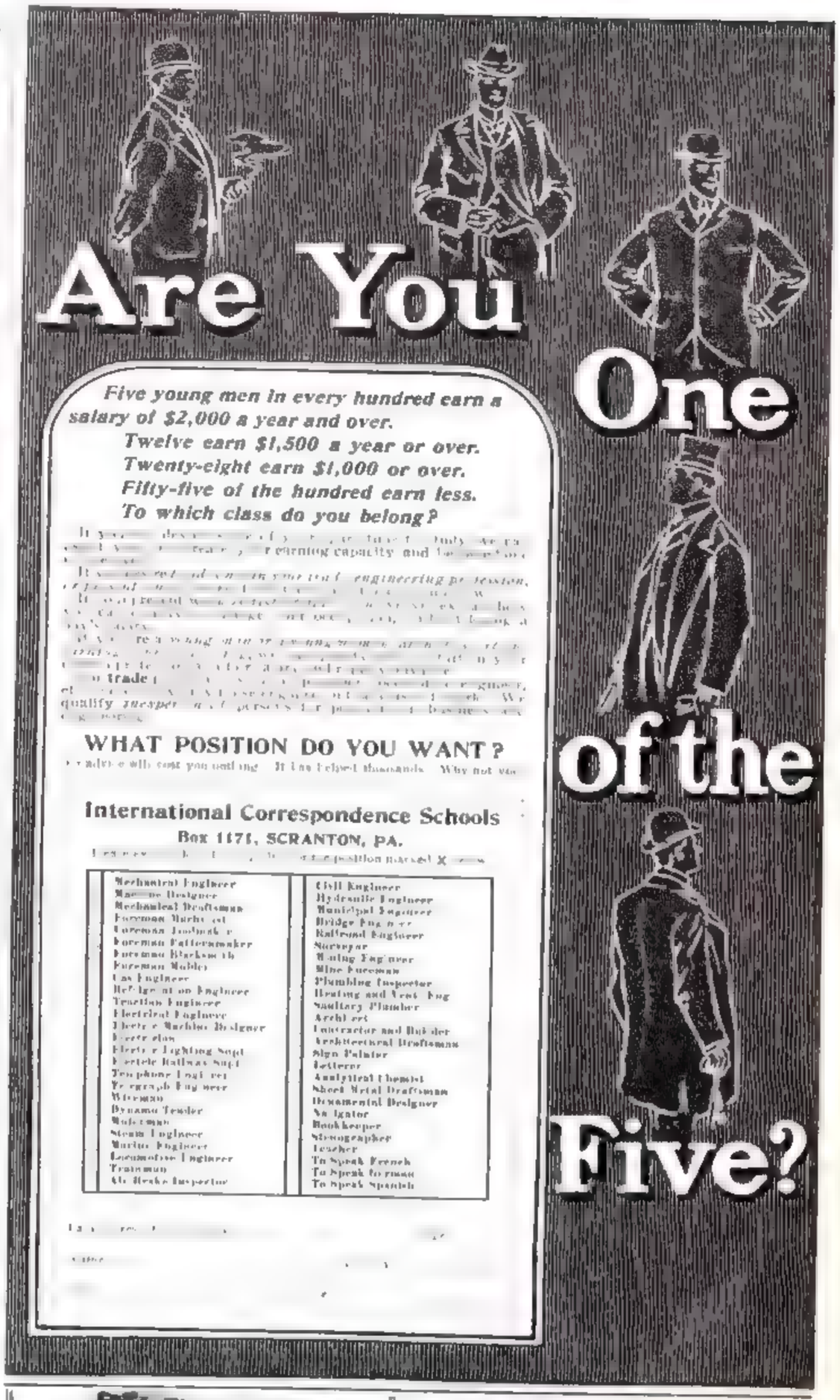
The Reverend Doctor once had occasion to be unusually thankful for his athletic tendencies. At that time he resided in a pretty, brown, ivy-clad cottage on the south bluffs in Kansas City. His church was a good half mile away, mostly uphill. On a certain pleasant Sunday evening a young reporter called in quest of information, and Doctor Mann, ever a cheerful newsgiver, plunged into the subject and talked at length, looking into books and making notes as he chatted. The minutes flew and dusk crept on. There was a pipe to be lighted, and finally the gas. After a while, when the conversation lulled, a clock chimed out—eight! The Reverend Doctor reached for his watch. In an instant he tossed his dressing-gown aside, grasped a coat and hat and was away, leaving the reporter speechless. Then a feminine voice spoke.

"Mr. Mann should have been in church ten minutes ago."

"I—I am very sorry," stammered the reporter.

"Oh, never mind," the lady said; "he'll run all the way."

And true enough, from the front porch the reporter saw, far up the gray street, a stout figure running away as if for dear life.



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Fifty-five of the hundred earn less.
To which class do you belong?

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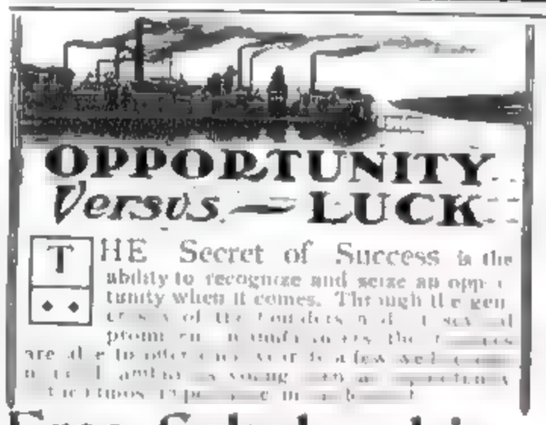

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Agents make $5 to $6 a day easily—write at once

FRENCH DYE COMPANY Box 411, Vassar, Mich.

The Great Natural Healer

(*Concluded from Page 11*)

"'I heard that you were queer,' he said, 'and that you would insist that you are no doctor, and as I never met a man of that kind before I just give up trying to understand you; but there's one thing I can understand'—and he shook the wallet angrily at me—'Yes, sir, I can understand one thing, and that is you can't insult the memory of my dead mother!'

"'Far, far be it from me, Mr. Brown,' I said, 'to think of such a thing.'

"'Very well, then,' he exclaimed, 'you take the legacy; her dying request almost was that I should put the money in your hands. Now you take it or there's going to be trouble.'

"'What kind of trouble?' I asked

"'Why,' he said, 'I'll prosecute you. I'm under bonds as the executor of my mother's estate to see to it that her wishes are fulfilled and I'm going to do my duty, no matter who has to suffer.'

"'But,' I said, 'you can't punish a man for refusing to accept money. You can't put him into prison for such a thing as that.'

"'Yes, you can,' answered Brown. 'It is felony. I knew of a man once in New Jersey who was sent to jail for ten years because he wouldn't take a legacy left him by his aunt I'd have made it twenty years.'

"'That seems a little bit hard, too, doesn't it?' I suggested.

"'Not hard,' responded Brown sternly, 'when a man sets himself up to say what another person shall do with her money and tries to block the wheels of justice. Not at all hard. But I don't want to resort to extreme measures. I'd like to have you hauled into court. I ask you to take this money as a favor to my sainted mother.'

"What would you have done, sir, under such perplexing circumstances? I consented to take the money on condition that in signing a receipt I should protest in writing that I was no doctor and that I accepted the bequest under compulsion. Brown was satisfied and when our business was ended he shook hands with me and left.

"I could not feel sure that I should ever find peace and an uninterrupted opportunity to study the Spanish language so long as I remained at home. I determined to go to Europe and to hide myself somewhere amid the mountains of Switzerland for a few years. I thank you for listening to me. It has lightened my burden to tell you the story of the persecution I have endured."

Tadcaster and I arose, and together we passed out of the parlor. As we did so I saw the deck steward point him out to Doctor Mullen, the ship's surgeon, who seemed to have been inquiring for Tadcaster. A smile overspread Mullen's countenance as, with both hands extended, he stepped briskly forward and greeting my companion said:

"Have I the honor to address the great Doctor Tadcaster?"

Tadcaster did not hesitate. He plunged into his stateroom and closed the door.

I never saw him again, unless he was the man with a clean-shaven face and a slouched hat over his eyes whom I saw at Liverpool, dressed in shabby clothes, creeping out of the ship over the steerage passengers' gangway. The man was built like Tadcaster, but it may have been some other person.

I am going to Borax some day to look up the facts for myself. I feel that this story will not have a satisfying conclusion unless I can report that Doctor Bowser has married the Widow Collins and adopted Geordie.

Rubber Fingers Now

MANY different kinds of contrivance designed for the purposes of massage are now on the market, but the most remarkable thing of the kind thus far invented has been newly patented. It is in effect an artificial hand, the fingers being of rubber.

Massage of the scalp is frequently tried nowadays as a remedy for baldness, the rubbing having a tendency to strengthen the growth and improve the health of the hair.

The artificial hand described is quite as gentle and effective as the fingers of the human hand, in the likeness of which it is made, minus the thumb. While performing a mild rubbing action, it gets at the roots, so it is claimed, without tangling the hair, and, the rubber fingers being smaller than a person's fingers, they reach the surface of the scalp to greater advantage.

Bailey's (Pneumatic) Whalebone Road Wagon

represents the highest development of pneumatic tired vehicles

NOTICE.—While in the wooden wheeled vehicle every part is constantly wearing out, or decaying from jar, strain, slewing, cramping, vibration, or weather conditions, in the pneumatic tired carriage as manufactured by S. R. Bailey & Co., Amesbury, Mass., nothing wears out but the tires, and, under all but extraordinary circumstances, their length of life is such that by the time the first set is gone enough has been saved on repairs, as compared with the cost of repairs on wooden wheeled conveyances, to pay for several new sets

S. R. BAILEY & CO., Amesbury, Mass., U. S. A., will send literature on request

To All Who Suffer from **Spinal Deformities**

85 per cent. cheaper than the old methods. 100 per cent. better. Weighs ounces where others weigh pounds. For Men, Women and Children; none too young, none too old to be helped.

We offer the [illegible] Appliance ever invented for the [illegible] permanently relieved Mr. P. B. Stedman the inventor of [illegible] of the spine of 30 years standing

Throw away the cumbersome and expensive plaster-of-paris and sole-leather jackets

Our Appliance is light a weight that can be worn under the clothing so as not to evidence that a support is worn. It is constructed on strictly scientific anatomical principles, and is truly a godsend to all sufferers from spinal troubles. We also make Scientific Appliances for weak back and stooping shoulders. Send for free booklet and letters from physicians, physical instructors, and those who know from experience of our wonderful system. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price, $4 to $25

STEAMBURG, N. Y.
February 9 1901

After having worn the plaster-of-paris jackets, I can truthfully say your appliance is far more comfortable to wear. It corrects curvature quite as well and fits the body to perfection that no one would suspect I was wearing one. You have my lifelong gratitude and well wishes. IDA BLOOD.

The plaster-of-paris jacket above mentioned weighed 24 lbs. The Philo Burt Appliance put on in its place weighed 17 ounces—a difference of 13 pounds.

The Philo Burt Mfg. Co., 9 Third St., Jamestown, N.Y.

The "Flat Clasp"

is the feature that has made the Brighton Garter (*for men*) famous. The only garter you can wear with perfect comfort and security, *because* it's the only garter made on the flat principle. Best silk elastic, in all colors and newest patterns. 25c. pair from all dealers.

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Attractive and artistic patterns, woven on both sides, and in all colors and sizes. Easily kept clean and warranted to outwear higher priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free.

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No householder can afford to pass this offer

PERFECTION SELF-CLOSING TOBACCO POUCH

Operates automatically, pours easily (see illustration), does not bulge the pocket. Tobacco cannot spill; simple and convenient. Every pipe or cigarette smoker should have one. Pipe or paper in one hand—pouch in other. Made in tan calf or black kangaroo, 50c, and Seal, 75c; mounted with sterling silver, $1.25 and $1.50. Any smoker will appreciate one. For those desiring "something better" we make them with gold and silver monograms or name plate—prices on application. Reference, Bradstreet Mer. Agency.

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Easy to Operate.
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CHAS. G. HOPPER, Manufacturer
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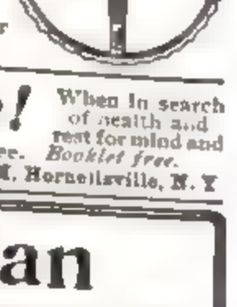

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POSTUM CEREAL
Food Coffee
MAKER OF "ENERGY"

The Analysis of Postum Food Coffee

"Since I left off drinking coffee and began using Postum Food Coffee, my digestion has so improved that I can eat things which I have been unable to use for years.

"I find by inquiry that numbers of my friends have been helped by using Postum instead of ordinary coffee. It is evident that coffee has been a poison to me. I was only induced to break off, by the order of my physician." MRS. F. H. MOSTNO, 55 E. Newton Street, Boston, Mass.

There is a reason why Postum Food Coffee restores the chronic coffee drinker to good health again. The analysis by Dr. B. F. Davenport, of Boston, New England's famous analytical chemist, is: Moisture, 5.85 per cent.; Bone forming substance, 4.61 per cent.; Cellulose, 8.70 per cent.; Fat and flesh forming substances, 14.73 per cent.; Energy producing substances, 66.11 per cent.

Ordinary Intelligence

and the ability to hum a tune is all that is required. The simple chart furnished free helps you to play without lessons or teacher the

Columbia Zither

"The Easy to Play"

No. 3 $5.00 Others $3.00 to $7.00

One of the world's sweetest-toned instruments. Popular everywhere. Sold at a price within the reach of every home. Beautifully finished and perfect in every detail. The bass chords are grouped all made up and ready to pluck, enabling the playing of accompaniments with little effort.

Your music dealer should have the Columbia. If not, send price to us and we will ship, express prepaid. Send for FREE Catalogue.

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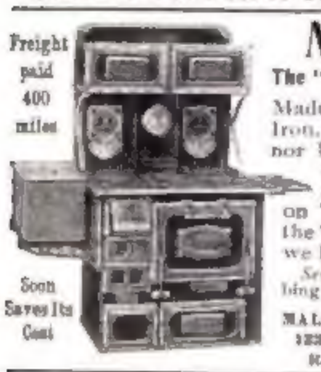

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May best be seen on the Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-Conducted Tour. Leaves February 11, and covers forty-five days. Round-trip rate, including all expenses, $575. Special Pullman train over entire route. For itineraries, address GEORGE W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

The "Best" Light

is a portable 100 candle power light, costing only 2 cts. per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. **No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor.** Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every lamp warranted. **Agents Wanted Everywhere.**

THE "BEST" LIGHT CO.
525 East 5th Street, CANTON, OHIO

The Making of a Statesman

(Continued from Page 4)

"I deceive you, Emily?" He raised his head and looked at her.

"No, sir, you did not," she said impulsively, after a pause. "Oh, you have forgiven me in many things, and you must forgive me in this. But we—I thought everything was so different from what it is." Mr. Spence's head fell lower. "You needn't be ashamed, sir. It is I—oh, I shall look at everything differently after a while."

"You have been asleep, Emily, and have had a bad dream," said Mr. Spence, rising from his seat. "Come into the next room and rest upon the sofa. Ishmael, fetch a shawl for your Miss Emily."

He took her by the arm, and she permitted him to lead her from the room with a submissiveness that sent a thrill all through him. But she continued to talk about the discovery she had made while looking over her father's papers.

"Does any one else know?" the two old men heard her ask, but they could not hear the reply, though they strained their time-worn ears to the utmost. They looked at each other and shook their heads solemnly. Whatever it was it must surely be a pretty come-off.

"What you reckon she's found out?" asked one in a stage-whisper.

"The Lord only knows," replied the other, "but it's upsot her might'ly. Maybe Billy's been up to some sort of devilment about the prop'ty."

"No, no; not that," declared the first old man. "I never seed a livin' human bein' wuss tuck down than she 'pears to be. Did you take notice how she 'sir'd' him?"

"I most shorely did," assented the other, "an' it mighty nigh tuck away what little breath I've got left. The last time I seed her talkin' to Billy she had on her high an' mighty airs—but that was before Meredith went to his long home."

"Well, it's clean beyand me," said the first old man. "He looked like he was ashamed of sump'n, an' she done like she's willin' for to rub the dust off'n his boots."

And so she was. In her young girlhood she thought there was no one like Cousin Billy, and when she grew older she found herself in love with him. Then, later, in self-defense as it were, she felt compelled to treat him with contemptuous indifference. She fell in with the general opinion that he was a ne'er-do-weel who was too lazy to turn his remarkable talents to account. He fretted her in various ways, but try as she would she could never make him angry. She was rude to him, she flouted him in a hundred cruel ways possible only to the gentle sex. At times she made him fetch and carry for her as if he had been one of the servants; and then there would be long periods during which she ignored his very existence. He was responsive to her every wish, and paid no heed whatever to her changing moods. She even had it against him that he had prevented her from marrying; and it was true that whenever some lover came a-wooing Billy's face, with its patient smile, rose before her imagination—and there was no other lover for her. But now——

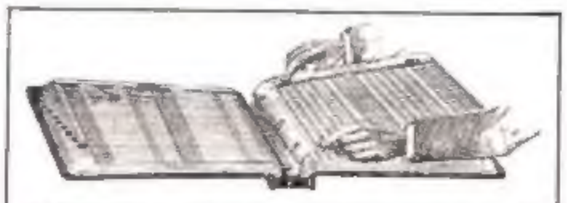
(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

Bread Made of Pea Flour

SOMETHING new in the way of a food product is pea flour, with which the War Department has recently been making experiments. It will be placed on the market before long at a moderate price, and seems likely to come into use to a considerable extent. This flour is intended to be mixed with wheat flour for making bread, and the claim is that it improves the flavor of the bread, which remains soft and moist for a much longer time than when wheat flour alone is employed.

The pea flour is prepared for market by cooking the peas with steam, then roasting them, and finally powdering them by roller process, the final product being light sulphur yellow in color and nearly as fine as ordinary wheat flour.

It is extremely nutritious, and is said to contain nearly two and a half times as much of the substance that goes to make muscle and blood as does wheat flour. Nearly fifty-nine per cent. of the pea flour is starch, and over twenty-eight per cent. is flesh-forming stuff, with practically no water.



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Loose Leaf Ledger

Absolutely the only flat-opening Loose Leaf Ledger made.

The **"Areandbe"** Loose Leaf is an all-paper sheet—a union of Ledger and bond paper in the one leaf. The **"Areandbe"** Loose Leaf Ledger opens flat and stays flat while open—a result obtained only by the famous **"Backus Bond Hinge"** Ledger Sheet.

The **"Areandbe"** Binder is a triumph of mechanical simplicity, strength and convenience, actually binding upon points of 1-500 of an inch apart, compressing through mechanical means the upper and lower covers of Binder upon rear edge of ledger sheet—every Binder guaranteed.

The **"Backus Bond Hinge"** Sheets for all makes of ledgers.

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A positive relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN, and all affections of the skin.

"A little higher in price than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after shaving.

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In Principle and Practice the

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is superior to all others. Every pair guaranteed. The genuine has **"President"** on the buckles. Trimmings can not rust. New model now ready for men of heavy work; also small size for boys. 50c. everywhere or by mail, postpaid.

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Safest, neatest and quickest way to tie up valuable papers, notes, deeds, bonds, etc., for filing away. Considering their Utility and Durability they are cheaper than tape or perishable rubber bands. Made in three lengths and colors. Sample doz. 36-in., postpaid, 50 cts. Write for price list "C."

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"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody."

"'How?' Oh, something new—**The Morley Ear-drum.** I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see 'em—they're invisible. I wouldn't know I had 'em in myself, only that I hear all right."

The Morley Ear-drum makes up for deficiencies of the impaired natural ear. Entirely different from any other device. No drugs. No wire, rubber, metal nor glass. **Invisible, comfortable, safe. Adjusted by any one.**

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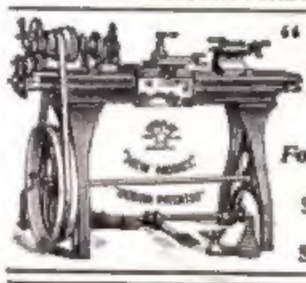

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Send for Catalogue B.

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Send for *free* catalogue and list of users.

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World's Standard Hatcher

Used on 25 Gov. Experiment Stations in U. S., Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Gold Medal at Pan-American, Oct., 1901. 32-p. circular free. Complete catalogue, 196 p. 9x11 in., for 10c. Ask nearest office for book No. 119.

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Take Your Choice
It's either
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DOUBLE TUBE TIRE

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has withstood all competition as the speediest, most reliable, long wearing
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ever manufactured; the tire for every kind of tire-equipped vehicle.

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by its ease of manipulation, and its wonderful resiliency, is the universally preferred
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The Hartford Solid Tire
is made with the same uniform quality that characterizes our other product; our reputation will not permit of our making any inferior article.
We have in stock and will supply the proper size and proper weight tire for every kind of wheel. Let us send you expert advice regarding the tires best adapted to your needs.
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A SHAKESPEAREAN CLASSIC
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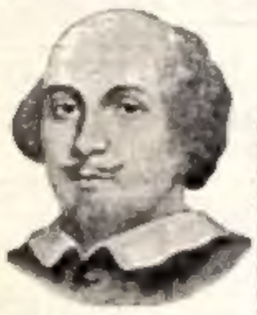

If you do not own a complete Shakespeare, or if you own a complete set and the Notes are not sufficiently full and clear, if there are no satisfactory Glossaries, no Critical Comments, or no Helps to the study of the plays, send us your name and address and six cents in stamps to pay postage, and we will forward to you an elegantly printed copy of

"Shakespeare, the Man"

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Rheumatism, Collapsus, Tender or Perspiring Feet wear INTERLACED CURLED-HAIR INSOLES. Every pair guaranteed for a year. Send 25c. or stamps and size of shoe to H. HORITZ, 1502 Brown St., Phila., Pa. Agents Wanted.

CLASS PINS with one, two or three letters with '01, '02, '03, enameled in one or two colors, sterling silver, 25c. each; $2.50 a doz. Silver plated, 10c. each; $1.00 a doz. Special designs in pins or badges made for any class or society at reasonable prices; send design and class colors for estimates. Catalog free. Address Raulin Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

Literary Folk
Their Ways & Their Work

In the Fog

There will always be two ways of going at such a story as Mr. Richard Harding Davis' In the Fog *(R. H. Russell)*, and their differences might make a very pretty problem of the story-teller's right psychology. For there will always be the Very Earnest Reader who objected to Don Quixote that "there was not a word of truth in it," and the Merely Frivolous Person who frankly wishes to be amused. But in such a discussion we should not progress far toward an estimate of Mr. Davis' book, which deserves a less remote treatment.

In the Fog was a happily chosen title, for it is under one of those all-obliterating black palls which now and then fall over London that the action is hidden, and it is in a murk of misapprehension that the characters move. Four members of the Grill Club agree offhand to put up a joke on the fifth member, who in the conclusion of a spirited narrative turns the tables on the jokers. The Very Serious Reader will find that he, too, has been trifled with, but, unlike the fifth member, he has no redress. The Merely Frivolous Person will fall into the pleased attitude of an unconcerned onlooker at a remarkably good hoax. He will smoke the nature of the jest at the first whiff, but the unforeseen ending and the unwinding development he will await with amused unconcern. And he will be well repaid for his attention; Mr. Davis' joke hurts no one and gives his five characters a most entertaining evening.

There is something of the ingenuous hypocrisy of The Arabian Nights, something of the satire of the puppet show in the unreality which, never obtruded, constantly peeps from under some very novel and really dramatic effects. Mr. Davis recognizes the resemblance, for the style and mould of his work are those of the illustrious Thousand and One. However, it is something to write a Thousand and Second; and, quarrel though the serious person may with the motif, he can find no fault with the execution, which, barring an occasional loose use of would and should, is well-nigh perfect.

— Thornton S. Hardy.

Some Helpful Books

Magic, by Ellis Stanyon, and Nursing, by S. Van Levis, are the latest of a series of admirable little handbooks which are appearing from time to time under the imprint of *The Penn Publishing Company*. Mr. Stanyon has attempted, and with eminent success, to provide material for jolly evenings in the home circle. He explains clearly and explicitly several scores of clever tricks, and gives directions for numberless sleight-of-hand performances which require no other materials than handkerchiefs, coins, plates, and other articles to be found in every household.

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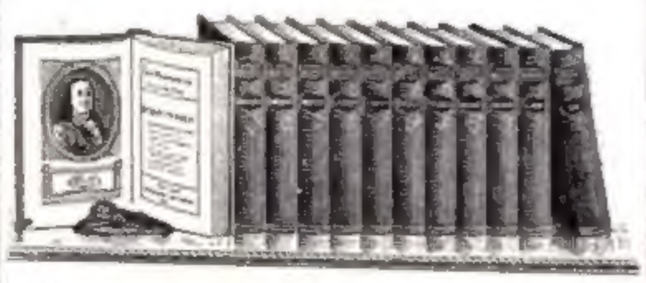

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